# THE SKETCH.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1894.

SIXPENCE By Post, 6ld.



MISS VIOLET MAXSE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

The Cab Strike got a chance of settlement, for it was Tuesday. announced at a meeting of the proprietors to-night that the dispute is to be referred to a Conciliation Board, with Mr. Asquith as mediator.—Mr. Philip Stanhope, M.P., presided over the first conference of the National Reform Union that has been held in London during the thirty years of the existence of the Union.—The engagement is announced of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., son of the late Mr. W. H. Smith, and Lady Esther Gore, third daughter of the Earl late Mr. W. H. Smith, and Lady Esther Gore, third daughter of the Earl of Arran.—A thanksgiving service in connection with the Y.M.C.A. was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop of Ripon preached.— At the inquest on the body of a street musician, who was killed last Wednesday in Gray's Inn Road by a thrust from an umbrella, the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against General Hewston, committed the act, but added the expression of their opinion that he did not intend to inflict fatal injury. He was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant.—The Italian Ministry resigned.—A National Exhibition was opened at Lemberg by the Archduke Charles Louis. It shows the industrial progress of Galicia, and contains a gallery of Matejko's beautiful works.—M. Natchovitch, the new Foreign Minister of Bulgaria, declares that the new Ministry will not give Russia such provocation as M. Stambuloff has given. At the annual meeting of the Suez Canal Company the proposal to grant pensions to the Lesseps The Fraser River, in British family was carried by 1299 to 487 votes .-Columbia, is still rising, and the area of the flooded district increases.

The Derby was won by the favourite, Lord Rosebery's Ladas, who beat Lord Alington's Matchbox by a length and a half. When Lord Rosebery presented himself to lead the winner into the saddling enclosure, he was received with a burst of enthusiasm from the crowd such as has seldom been seen on the course.—The Prince of Wales gave a dinner party to members of the Jockey Club at Marlborough House.—The Duchess of York went to the White Lodge for a prolonged visit.—The prospects of a settlement of the Cab Strike are not so good, because the masters will not consider the question of a fixed maximum price for all cabs.—Sir John Harwood stated at a meeting of the Manchester City Council that they might expect a deficiency on the Ship Canal, on account of the undertaking of over £146,000 in December, 1895, and that the Corporation would probably have to find money for the payment of interest on debentures in 1896, which might necessitate a rate of over 1s. 6d. in the pound.—Mr. George Smith, the projector and publisher of the "Dictionary of National Biography," was entertained at dinner by the contributors to the work, Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor, presiding.—This was the real jubilee day of the Y.M.C.A. conference. At the morning meeting, in Exeter Hall, the Hon. John Wannamaker, ex-Postmaster General of the United States, presided, while Prince Oscar Bernadotte took part in the devotional services.—M. Toussaint, the French Socialist Deputy, was sentenced at St. Nazaire to ten days' imprisonment, and fined 100 francs, for using inflammatory language and insulting the police.—The insurrection in Corea has made such progress that the King has applied to China for assistance, and 2000 Chinese troops are being despatched.

The gossips were disappointed of a sensation, for the Sutherland will case was settled out of court, it is said, Thursday. on these terms: (1) The last will of the late Duke to be formally proved. (2) The executors and trustees to renounce in favour of the present Duke. (3) The Dowager Duchess to receive £500,000 and an annuity of £5000 under the will. (4) The Duke of Sutherland to take The total value of the property in dispute was stated to be about £1,500,000.—Matchbox, who was second in yesterday's Derby, was sold to Baron de Hirsch for £15,000, with a contingency of a further sum of £5000 in the event of his winning the Grand Prix. — The final gathering in connection with the Y.M.C.A. jubilee was held at Windsor Castle, where the state apartments, the Home Park, and the Queen's private garden were visited. valedictory meeting took place under the York and Lancaster Towers.—General John Hewston was committed for trial at the Clerkenwell Police Court on the charge of having caused the death of a street musician by means of an umbrella thrust in the eye.extraordinary hailstorm raged for fifteen minutes in Vienna this morning. The hailstones had exactly the effect of musketry. Several persons were killed and 100,000 windows were smashed. The streets were covered inches deep with ice.—M. Hanotaux, the new French Foreign Minister, assured the Chamber that the Government were determined to maintain the interests of France in Africa, and that the necessary troops 

A State Ball took place at Buckingham Palace. The royal party included the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Duke of York, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.—
One hundred and fifteen Conservative and Unionist candidates dined at St. James's Hall under the presidency of Lord Dunraven, and Lord Salisbury addressed them. He declared that the Budget was the most hasty and superficial work that had ever been presented to Parliament. It was nothing but an impression of the passions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and contained in it neither study, nor ingenuity, nor ability.—The cab-owners declared that it was impossible to accept

less than 17s. a-day for the hire of a cab with two horses.—
The ballot of the Scotch miners has gone in favour of a strike against the reduction of wages. The owners have large stocks on the pit banks.—The Duke of Portland's Amiable won the Oaks.—The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the Közulas, who were arrested in connection with the death of Mrs. Rasch, in Shaftesbury Avenue.—The Lucania has again exceeded all her previous records, as well as those of any other vessel, in making the eastward passage across the Atlantic in 5 days 12 hours and 59 minutes.

Lord Arthur Charles Hervey, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, was found dead in bed this morning. Born in 1808, he was at Eton with Mr. Gladstone, who offered him the see of Bath in 1869.—The new buildings added to the Medical School at St. Thomas's Hospital were opened by the Duke of Connaught. The old school began work in 1871, and since then 2167 students have pursued their studies there.—Mr. Holman Hunt, presiding at a meeting of the Sunday Society, protested, "as an artist and a Christian," against the falsehood of the extreme rigour of our Sunday.—There was a display of the London Fire Brigade at Battersea.—Sir Henry Hawkins made what may have been an allusion to the questions in the House of Commons last night as to judges and the races: "I have lived long enough never to be surprised at anything anywhere."—Mr. Joseph Day, son of Mr. Justice Day, was acquitted at the Somerset Assizes, where he was charged with publishing a false balance-sheet and company prospectus.—The Durham coroner investigated a case of death exactly similar to that which occurred in Gray's Inn Road, when a general poked out a musician's eye.—Ponsonby Dalrymple, alias Charles Moleno, equerry to the Prince of Looz and Corswaren, was remanded at the Westminster Police Court on a charge of obtaining money on false pretences.—Dr. Stone, a British subject at Newport News, Virginia, has been tarred and feathered by a band of men disguised as negroes, on account of a pamphlet which he wrote.

This was Hospital Sunday. Archdeacon Farrar, preaching at St. Margaret's Church on the needs of the hospitals, said money was squandered upon mere luxuries of ostentation, while it can hardly be wrung for the amelioration of human miseries and the salvation of human souls.—Zola's "Lourdes" has been placed in the "Index Expurgatorius."—M. Holtzer's Loutch won the Grand Steeplechase at the Auteuil Meeting.—Dr. Wekerle has triumphed, and a Cabinet will be formed in Hungary in accordance with his wish. The clerical party has been completely defeated, and the Upper House will now accept the Civil Marriage Bill.

Monday. The Prince of Wales inspected the Queen's Body Guard of Yeomen at St. James's Palace, and then opened the Seamen's Institute, Poplar, and the Poplar Hospital for Accidents.—An "At Home" was held on board the Chicago.—
The old sixty-four-gun battleship Benbow, which took part in the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre in 1840, and has of late years been employed as a floating coal depôt in Sheerness Harbour, goes to Stettin to be broken up. The Benbow, which will be removed from the charge of the naval authorities at Sheerness in a few days, is at present lying almost side by side with the modern battleship which bears her name.—The captains of two British trawlers, which were captured by a Danish gunboat for fishing within the three-mile limit, have been fined £12 each, with the confiscation of their tackle.

#### DERBY DAY NOTES.

The "Ladas buttonhole" will surely be put between sheets of blotting-paper and pressed into preservation as the cherished souvenir of a record Derby by those who formed one of the merry house party at The Durdans last week. Each guest of the Premier was helped to a primrose carnation surrounded with rose-colour companions before leaving for the course on Derby morning, and the enthusiasm, which amounted to an almost hysterical rapture as the good colt romped away from the field, seemed to find relief in venting itself on all who even wore the gallant favourite's colours. Those echoing shouts which rang out, and were caught up again by exultant thousand throats, will long remain in the memory of those who witnessed the most splendid race that has long been run in old Epsom. The Prince of Wales was first to shake the somewhat pale and deeply-excited Premier heartily by the hand, after which crowding congratulations completely swallowed him up from public view, whereupon the surging masses were fain to turn their hearty cheering on Mr. Frank Lockwood, or any other of The Durdans house party who sported the now famous rose-and-primrose buttonhole. Meanwhile, Ladas is entered for the St. Leger, and if he does not bear off this classic event thousands will be deeply surprised. Baroness Henry de Worms's "Derby tea" was an affair of great distinction. Over two hundred guests responded to the hospitable call to urns, but no Derby people among them, of course. Seeing that the Ladas event did not come off until three o'clock, with three races to follow, thus being in two pleasant places at once was clearly an impossibility. Several telegrams were handed in from friends on the course after the race of the day, however, and the winner was plentifully pledged in both Pekoe and Pommery by the Baroness's guests. The time occupied by the great race on Derby Day, by Benson's chronograph, was 2 min. 45 4-5 sec. This is nearly three seconds longer than the race registered by Benson last year.

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# "PYGMALION AND GALATEA" AT OXFORD.

The first of a short series of performances of Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," on behalf of a charity, was given on Thursday evening by some enterprising amateurs in Oxford, the male parts being acted entirely by undergraduates, several of whom were conspicuous in the recent



successful production of "The Tempest" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society. Mr. Croker-King played the difficult *rôle* of Pygmalion with distinction; as Galatea, Miss Baird acted delightfully; Cynisca was perfectly safe in the experienced hands of Mrs. Charles Sim;

Chrysos was perfectly safe in the exp. Chrysos was pointedly played by Mr. Playfair; while Mr. Boys was a humorous representative of Leucippe. The Misses Fletcher were Daphne and Myrine, and the two slaves were impersonated by Messrs. Quinton and Paul Rubens (who has also composed some very taking incidental music). "Pygmalion and Galatea" was preceded by Mr. Brookfield's "The Burglar and the Judge," Messrs. Ellis and Hearn successfully playing the parts of the judge and his nocturnal visitor. A song for the burglar was specially composed by Mr. Rubens. The "set" for "Pygmalion and Galatea," painted by Mr. Rubens, was very effective, and the general stage-management reflected credit on Messrs. Comyns Carr and Croker-King. The cover of the programme, here reproduced, was specially designed by Mr. Oppenheimer, who gave proof of his ability in that direction in his "Tempest" programme.

## A FLORAL TRIUMPH.

Floral decoration has long since reached the position of an art in which the exercise of taste and knowledge is requisite in a high degree. At the Temple Flower Show, recently, there was always a crowd ready to admire the beautiful

arrangement of flowers which gained the silver-gilt medal, the highest prize given by the Royal Horticultural Society for this class. It reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Henry O. Garford, of Stoke Newington. The flowers included yellow-iris, white gladioli, and long sprays of Oncidium orchid, interspersed with grasses, asparagus fern, and other foliage. This was flanked on each side by shower bouquets, one having orange-blossom and small green oranges among a profusion of stephanotis, white roses, and gardenias, the other being composed of yellow heath, Erica Cavendish, and long sprays of yellow orchids and iris. Three baskets of flowers were especially lovely.

#### NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The other day, the managers of a theatre asked a friend of mine to see them about a one-act play of his, which they proposed to produce. "It's beautifully written," they said, "and we think of putting it at once into rehearsal. You can have Mr. —, a capital man, for your low comedian, and Miss —— for heroine." "But how about my hero, the young lover?" "We must think over that." "There is no one in the theatre," said the pretty Miss ——, "that would do as lover, unless we can find someone in the chorus!" So my friend's play was not produced because they could not cast it. Such difficulties beset young authors, and the fact that at the Lyceum, St. James's, Haymarket, and Garrick no first piece is given makes the situation desperate. Yet, the one-act play certainly is the first rung of the ladder, and writers are rare who can skip it and yet mount. These reflections are due to the performance of the one-act proverb, "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting."

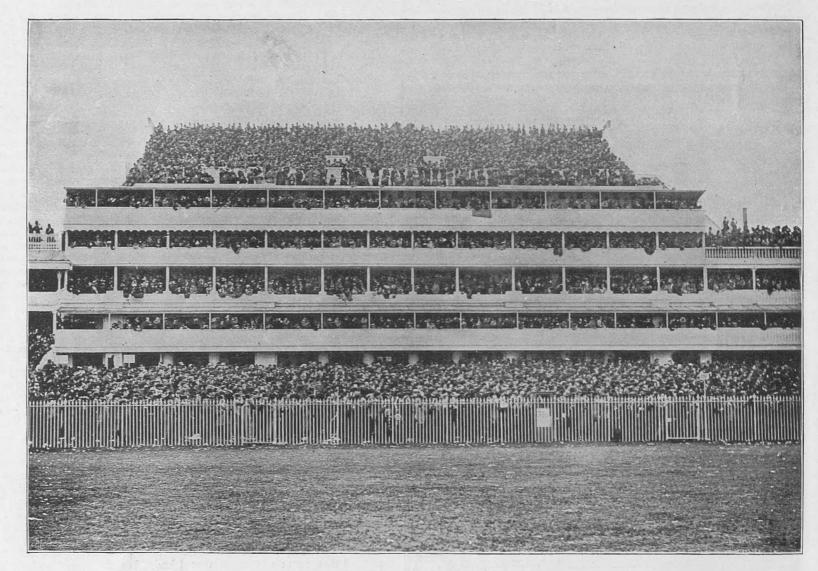
It was delightful to see a lever de rideau written so charmingly as this little work by "John Oliver Hobbes" and Mr. George Moore, but what will they do with it? Are they to give it to some theatre where it will not be east properly, or will it form part of a "triple bill"? The latter fate seems unlikely, for triple bills are too much like a dinner of kickshaws really to please the British palate, and, as the novelty has worn off, we may never see one again. Somebody has said that the proverb must have been weak to need such a company as Miss Ellen Terry and Messrs. Forbes-Robertson and Terriss. I do not think so—it would have pleased the house with a far less powerful cast. Of course, it was a treat to see it played in such style. To me Mr. Forbes-Robertson always gives pleasure: the beauty of his voice, restraint of his manner, unselfishness of his acting, and the charms of his person render him an ideal stage lover, particularly from a man's point of view, since there is too much suggestion of brains about him for the taste of many women. There is not very much that need be said about "The Blackmailers."

There is not very much that need be said about "The Blackmailers." The authors, in their determination to be original at any price, have succeeded at the price of failure. They have been more "advanced" in method than authors of merit that I know, but the result is obscurity and utter futility. If the play showed signs of greater ability, I should go carefully through it, discussing its outbreaks; but, as it suggests nothing more than some literary skill in dialogue and a little talent for character drawing, it would not be worth while to reason with gentlemen at present in a glorious state of mutiny against laws that should only be broken after serious, reluctant consideration. A word of hearty admiration and pity is due to Miss Olga Brandon for her powerful acting, praise also to Mrs. Theodore Wright, while I must say that Mr. Charles Thursby showed far more promise than the play.—MONOCLE.



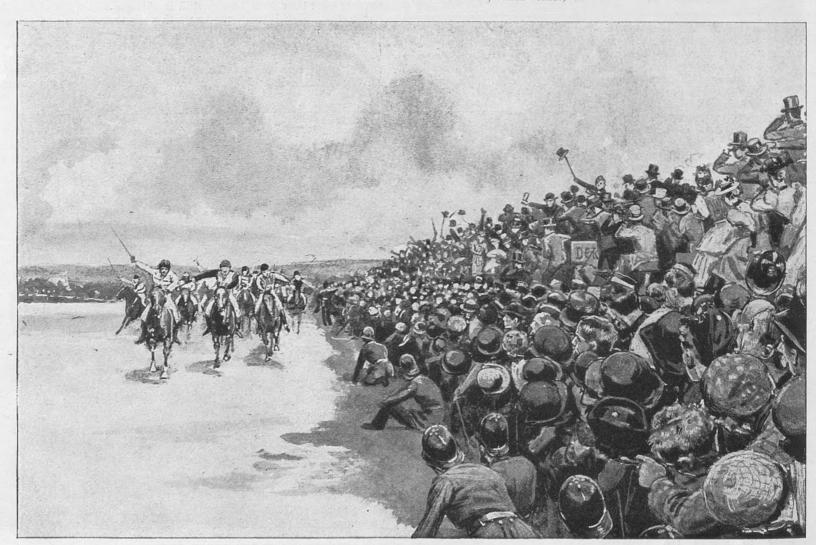
THE PRIZE FLORAL ARRANGEMENT AT THE TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW.

# AT THE DERBY.

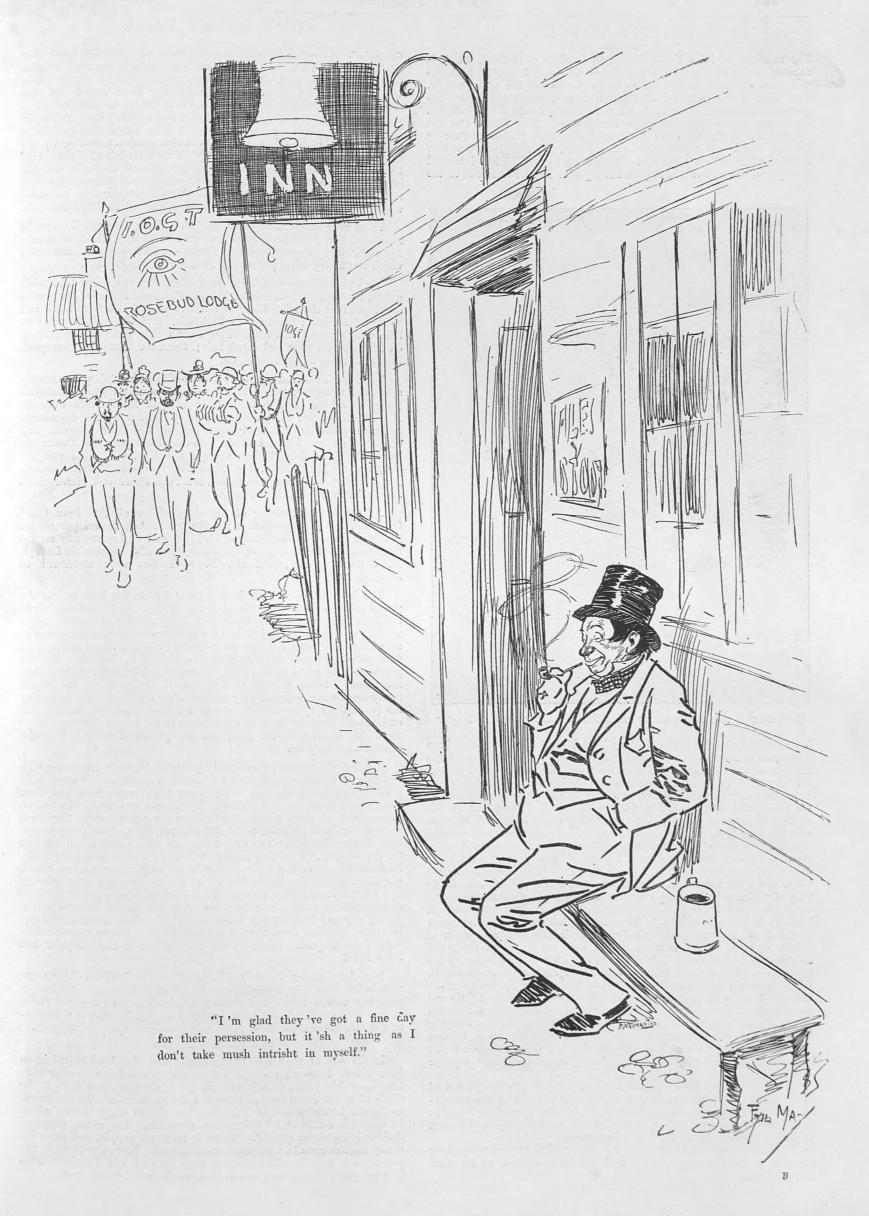


THE GRAND STAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



"THE FAVOURITE WINS!"



# A NOTABLE WEDDING.

The marriage of Miss Violet Maxse to Lord Edward Cecil, which is announced to take place on the 18th, has an especial interest from the well-known position held in society by the parents of the young couple. The bride is the daughter of Admiral Maxse, whose excursions into politics and literature have made his name familiar outside naval circles, where his seamanship has made him famous. Miss Maxse was the original model for Sir John E. Millais' charming picture, "Puss in Boots," which was reproduced as a coloured plate in the *Illustrated London News* sixteen years ago. Her beauty as a child has increased with years, and no one will dispute her right to be acclaimed one of the



MISS MAXSE, THE ORIGINAL OF SIR JOHN MILLAIS' "PUSS IN BOOTS."

loveliest brides of the year. Just as Miss Maxse's features have been celebrated on canvas by a master in portraiture, so also has the characteristics of her distinguished father been, according to common repute, put on record by an equally eminent painter in words. Admiral Maxse is the hero of "Beauchamp's Career," one of the prose masterpieces of his friend and neighbour, Mr. George Meredith. There are in this striking work many points which immediately recall the genial Admiral, who has long been on the closest terms of intimacy with our greatest novelist. Readers of "Beauchamp's Career" will recall the early statement about Nevil, that as a boy "his uncle encouraged him to deliver his opinions freely and argue with men." Then there is a subtle touch about the pronunciation of Beauchamp's name, which is quite as true of "Maxse." We are told that the shipyard workmen besought the doctor's report of Commander Beauchamp, "variously named Beesham, Bosham, Bitcham, Bewsham." There is, too, that remarkable description of the Press, in connection with Beauchamp's idea of a new organ of public opinion to be entitled Dawn, and many, many delightful finger-posts to the original, from whom Mr. Meredith got some of his inspiration. The gallant Admiral acted as Flag-Lieutenant to Sir E. Lyons during the Admiral's inspection of the Circassian coast, and he bore the flag of truce previous to the attack on the Kaleh Redout. He was present at the bombardment of Odessa, and assisted at the disembarkation of the troops, gaining the Crimean and Turkish medals. For carrying despatches, at the imminent risk of his life, after the Alma, he was promoted, and was honourably mentioned in the Gazette. Miss Violet Maxse inherits much of her father's brilliancy of conversation and power of paradox.

The bridegroom, Lord Edward Herbert Cecil, is the fourth son of the Marquis of Salisbury. He is within a few weeks of his twenty-seventh birthday, and is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. Lord Edward has been acting as one of the aides-de-camp to Viscount Wolseley, Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

That the young couple may win the esteem of the world as worthily as their parents already possess it is the sincere wish of all their many friends.

#### LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Gospodar's victory at Chantilly was the cause of a dreadful scene after the French Derby was won. No sooner had Liddiard, the crack English jockey, passed the post, when the ringing cheers for his clever riding were changed into hoots and yells by the huge crowds as they remembered how disgracefully a colt had been beaten at Longchamps, in the Prix d'Essai des Pouliches, with the same jockey up. M. Michel Ephrussi, Gospodar's owner, was hustled from the weighing-room to a horse-box, in which he was conveyed to his stables, where he lay low until the evening, returning to Paris by a slow train late at night. Had he not taken these extraordinary precautions, there is no doubt that the infuriated mob would have lynched him, so angry and disappointed were they at the favourite being nowhere, and an outsider like Gospodar winning just how he liked. The stakes amounted to 129,775 francs.

There were comparatively few English visitors present. It may be mentioned that the three English jockeys sent over for the great race—Liddiard, Morny Cannon, and Tom Loates—came in one, two, and three, which was a very bitter pill for the French riders to swallow.

The Ducal Tribune was filled to overflowing. Among the Duc d'Aumale's guests, I noticed the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres; Princesse Marguerite d'Orléans, in a charming white and mauve striped silk, with black and white satin choux; Comtesse de Pourtalès, in her favourite cornflowerblue, with a jaunty little toque of the same colour perched coquettishly on her fair and very undulated hair; Comtesse Costa de Beauregard, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, &c.

The British Charitable Ball, at the Hôtel Continental, was unusually successful this year, owing to the attendance of all Lady Dufferin's guests, who have come over for Lady Victoria Blackwood's wedding. A beautiful bouquet was presented to Lady Dufferin by the committee, and the quadrille d'honneur was danced by Lord Dufferin and Countess Hoyos, Lady Dufferin and Count Hoyos, the Comte de Montsaulnin and Mrs. Talbot, Colonel the Hon. R. Talbot and the Comtesse de Montsaulnin, Mr. McCarthy Spiers and Mrs. Coleman, Mr. Eugene Laurier and Mrs. Spiers, Mr. John Pilter and Mrs. Arnold, and Baron Tucker and Miss Foster.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Suez Canal Company, the proposal that a pension of 120,000 francs per annum should be granted to the family of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps was carried unanimously. Lieut.-General Sir John Stokes, M. Charles de Lesseps, M. Georges Patinot, and Mr. E. S. Dawes were re-elected as administrators.

The bicyclists have been having great fun in the Bois lately. An actors and actresses' race was got up by M. A. de Lucenski and the Echo de Paris. At the Cascades a large stand was erected, before which a splendid band played, and the carriages and horsemen assembled to witness the contest might be counted by hundreds. There were twenty-eight runners in the actors' competition, and the distance prescribed was seven times round the road encircling the Longchamps racecourse. Much amusement was caused by Torrin, a fat, round, merry-faced actor, who had only entered as a joke, being pulled along by his pacemakers by means of a strong tricolour tape, this being a skit on incidents supposed to have taken place in the recent Bordeaux-Paris race. M. Numa won the race, and was presented with a Médinger tandem as first prize.

The ladies' race was an extremely pretty sight, each one vieing with the other as to who should wear the smartest costume. For the most part, zouave knickerbockers were worn with sailor hats and rose, blue, white, or mauve silk blouses. Their race was much shorter, as, accompanied by many cheering and encouraging pacemakers, they went along the banks of the Seine to the Billancourt Bridge, round Longchamps, back to the Cascades. The time taken was twenty-two minutes before the cry went up, "Here they come!" "Dupré gagne!" and pretty Mdlle. Blanche Dupré, of the Opéra, came in an easy winner on one wheel, one of her pneumatics having burst en route. The first prize awarded was a Rouxel and Dubois tandem, and the second prize a pair of diamond and sapphire earrings, won by Mdlle. Solange, of the Menus-Plaisirs. A very gay and festive lunch followed, and the whole affair terminated by clever speeches from the many smart people present, among whom were Jean Coquelin, Silvain, Candé, Cooper, and Drs. Regnier and Léon Petit.

Mrs. Ayer gave a dinner to 160 guests at the Pavilion d'Armenonville, in the Bois, in honour of Prince Joseph of Battenberg. The hostess wore her famous rubies and point d'Alençon lace, that a queen might envy. Mrs. George Gould took the palm for her dress, which was one of Paquin's greatest creations in the way of originality.

Is the end of the world, then, coming that the Jews crowd in on Jerusalem? Harrowing tales of their destitution and misery come from Mr. Scott Moncrieff, who is now in the Holy City, and finds it the abode of 40,000 Jews, most of them in extreme poverty. Mr. Moncrieff, as Special Commissioner in Palestine, has visited many houses, which he describes rather as a "hole-to-hole visitation," few of the wretched shelters being above ground. There is no water supply, and from the report matters seem in a desperate crisis indeed. Now, therefore, is the time for our Semitic millionaires to come forward and distribute some City-got gains among their own chosen people in the far-off East.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

# AN OLD LETTER AND AN OLD CRITICISM.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I do not think I was ever more surprised in my life than when, in turning over some old papers belonging to my father, I discovered that he also was a dramatic critic. Nay, more, I came across an original letter from Charles Kean, thanking him for an exhaustive criticism on his performance of King Lear that appeared in the Saturday Review of April 24, 1858.

Hard-worked London clergymen are not very often dramatic critics, nor can they possibly spare much time to devote themselves to the labours of the playhouse; they could not even in past years, when London owned far fewer theatres than it does to-day. That my father, "Scott of Hoxton," as he was called, was editor of the *Christian Remembrancer* in the days of the Newman controversy, that he was a vigorous fighter with the pen in the heat of the Pusevite movement and the controversies concerning

"Tract 90" were facts, of course, perfectly familiar to me.

That he was on the staff of the old Morning Chronicle in the early fifties I also knew, for I have often, as a boy, taken his "copy" on the top of a Chelsea omnibus from the New North Road, Hoxton, to the Morning Chronicle Office, in the Strand. The sensational and slating social leaders written for the old Morning Chronicle in the days of Beresford-Hope, Lord Robert Cecil (now Lord Salisbury), Fitzjames Stephen, &c., with Douglas Cook for editor, were all written by "Scott of Hoxton." That he was one of the original founders of the Saturday Review, wrote the prospectus for it, contributed a celebrated series of articles on the Lord Byron-Beecher-Stowe Scandal, and was a *Saturday* Reviewer almost up to the day of his death are facts pretty well known to the old school of journalists. But now I learn, for the first time, that my father was also an occasional dramatic critic. The interval between our reigns was not very long. Here I find a criticism by my father on Kean's Lear in 1858. My first criticism was printed in a paper called the *Victoria Press* about 1861. The paper enjoyed a brief career. I was promised, to my intense joy, a salary of five pounds a week, but I never received one farthing of



THE REV. WILLIAM SCOTT, OF HOXTON.

that enviable income, and ended by lending my editor and proprietor twenty pounds out of my small War Office "screw," as we termed it in Pall Mall. The regretted "fiver" was never repaid.

The letter written by Charles Kean, complimenting the anonymous critic, was addressed to Douglas Cook, the editor of the Saturday Review. I give it as I found it-

My Dear Cook,-To say that I am very much gratified by the remarks in the My Dear Cook,—To say that I am very much gratified by the remarks in the Saturday Review on my acting of Lear would convey but a slight notion of how deeply indebted I feel to you and the author for such a critique in such a journal: a notice written with such power and in so influential a quarter must tend to the advertisement of my position as an actor and the establishment of my reputation on the most solid basis. I hope you will do me the favour of making the critic aware of how much I feel my obligation to him, and, my dear friend, accept yourself my warmest expressions of gratitude. I am so well pleased that I will not cavil with points in the early portion of the notice, where I am under an impression that I am justified by my antiquarian knowledge. These are to me, under present circumstances, but minor considerations. I have been honoured by the praise of my acting in the Saturday Review, which has had the effect of some sort of hysterica passio.

Believe me my dearforke Smires & watifuls 26 hpil

I append, also, a few extracts from my father's criticism, notably the opening remarks on the archæological question, which seemed to gall the actor a bit, as he had a mania for stage archæology, and was as sensitive to criticism as a skinned horse. As it happened, the clerical dramatic critic was himself a very learned archæologist, and was an accurate student both of architecture and costume. It was lucky for him that this was probably his first and last essay in criticism, or he might have preserved letters from Charles Kean, also, telling him he was an arrant impostor and contemptible charlatan. Criticisms are always just when, as Charles Kean observes, they "tend to the advertisement of position as an actor." When criticisms are bad advertisements, then, in the actor's estimate, they are vile and worthless.

Extract from the Saturday Review, April 24, 1858–

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We most thankfully recognise the conscientious study which Mr. Kean has bestowed on the costume and scenery of Shakspere's plays. We admit both their accuracy and their propriety, and we are grateful for the labour and expense bestowed on them; but in "King Lear" we are glad to have our whole attention riveted on a mightier art than that, however creditable, which we owe to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Planché. It is well that in "King Lear" we have no overpowering and distracting luxury of stage effect. What there is is modest, and, as far as it goes, both pleasing and correct. Lear is of no time, nor scarcely of any place. There is a British legend, and there are names of England's dwelling-places; but Lear is of the kingdom of Mansoul and of the universal realm of human nature. It was, of course, necessary to make the play of some definite era. British warriors tattooed and stained blue would scarcely have been welcomed even by the sternest archælogical precisians, and in fixing on the Anglo-Saxon age Mr. Kean has done well in selecting a period sufficiently distant and hazy to suggest the most dim antiquity.

The Anglo-Saxon period is very successfully and consistently brought out in his presentation, with only one or two inaccuracies. The rude hall of Lear, hung with dun deer hides, with its rough settles, deserves especial praise, and the phlisade to the exterior of the castle and the coarse tapestry accurately reproducing the illuminations of a Saxon calendar are admirable. For the sake of their excellence we condone the mistake which has made the exterior and interior of the castle—itself, however, far too elaborate for the era—vary by at least two centuries. The triangular arches and the rude Saxon masonry are beautifully faithful, and more than outweigh the extravagant failure of Cordelia's tent. We may say the same of the dresses, though a purist might object that the peasants' caps should have been attached hoods, and while we admit that the jerkins of the nobl

We have reserved for our concluding criticism some notice of Mr. Kean's Lear. We may say at once that we are not measuring it by any standard, either of theory or experience, nor are we acquainted with the stage traditions of the part. We never saw "Lear" before, but to see it in this way is an era in theatrical experiences. It is unquestionably the most difficult part on the European stage. It requires the deepest study and the very highest powers, natural and acquired, such as are given to few. A man of fine education and of insight into all the recesses of passion as well as a sense of poetry, and of the more subtle nuances of character, alone can play Lear even tolerably. Mr. Kean has, in a measure which no other living actor possesses, these high qualifications. And as we do not believe that the present age is in any respect inferior to its predecessors, and as we are quite sure that Mr. Kean has special advantages which his predecessors had not, we make no doubt that, in fact, he does exceed all the Burbages, Bettertons, and even Garricks of the past. His Lear does him and the stage the greatest credit. It is a personation which the students and lovers of art on higher than mere playgoing grounds should witness.

It is nothing less than a work of true art, as much as a poem is. Lear is, we repeat it, a character of overwhelming difficulty. Selfish, tempestuous, self-willed, passionate, unreasoning for good and for ill, utterly deficient in judgment, unballasted by any sense of duty, he is throughout possessed. The transitions from undisciplined love to unbridled hate are given by Mr. Kean with wonderful truth.

If terror and pity are the chief ends of the tragic art, and if in "King Lear" the greatest master of tragedy has wrought out these great ends in his highest mood and with the most sublime effect, it is not too much to say that in the representation of this character at the Princess's the actor has fulfilled its highest capabilities. With the most careful, conscientious, and elaborate analysis, Mr. Kean has caught every phase of thought, and, while he has reflected the passing gleams and shadows of feeling, he has followed up every intricate maze of passion and emotion. To understand Lear implies a philosophy, to act Lear requires an art: Mr. Kean has both,

#### SMALL TALK.

The Queen paid a visit to Braemar last week, when her Majesty and the Princess of Leiningen drove through the village in an open carriage-and-four. The Queen returned home by Invercauld and the Lion's Face Road. As at present arranged, the Queen leaves Balmoral for Windsor on Friday week, and is expected to arrive at the Castle at nine o'clock the following morning.

When the Princess of Wales is in London, she usually, I believe, attends the Sunday afternoon service at All Saints', Margaret Street. I know that her absence from the Chapel Royal, St. James's, has been frequently remarked by visitors, and the reason for such absence, I am told, is the great question of afternoon tea. Like many other ladies, her Royal Highness attaches much importance to this social function, and her hour for the enjoyment of the "cup that cheers" happens to be the same as that of the afternoon service at the Chapel Royal. The Princess, much as she might wish to assist at this service, could not change her tea hour, the Sub-Dean could not change the somewhat awkward time of his service, so the result is that the most popular of royal ladies obtains her spiritual refreshment at a greater distance from home, but at an hour that does not interfere with the sacred rites of Assam or Bohea.

I hear a curious story about the betrothal of Princess Alix of Hesse to the Czarewitch. It was necessary that the Princess should give up her religious opinions and embrace those of the orthodox Church. There was no difficulty about this; there never is in these dynastic alliances. The immortal saying of Henri Quatre that Paris was "worth a Mass" sums up the philosophy of princes and princesses in matters of religion. But Princess Alix has her own ideas of independence, notwithstanding, and she greatly astonished the diplomatists by flatly refusing to subscribe to the written conditions of her change of belief. These required her to state that she abjured the "false" opinions in which she had been brought up. This open insult to the faith of her fathers was a little too much, and she demanded peremptorily that the obnoxious word should be struck out. This was done.

The death of Sir George Maude leaves vacant one of the most desirable of official appointments. The papers have invariably referred to the post as in the gift of the Crown, while, as a matter of fact, the Government appoints. Sir George's death came as a surprise, for that gallant officer had recovered from a recent severe illness, and was out and about but a few days prior to his decease. It is many years ago—soon after his appointment as Crown Equerry—that I first became acquainted with Sir George, a gallant officer, whose personal charm and courtesy made him popular with all who were brought into contact with him. The royal stables, over which he reigned, are always interesting, but to such as have had the good fortune to secure Sir George Maude for cicerone a visit to these admirably-managed and magnificently-stocked mews had an interest and charm not to be easily forgotten. The regret which the late Crown Equerry's death has caused extended from his royal mistress to the members of the household servants and to a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

The late Sir George Maude was a great favourite with the Queen, but he was not at all a persona grata at Marlborough House. Many years ago, the Queen gave instructions that none of the royal carriages and horses were to be sent out unless by her direct command. The Prince of Wales, ignorant of this, or considering that it did not refer to him, sent down to the royal stables, as he had been accustomed to do, for a couple of carriages, and Sir George Maude, with all an old soldier's regard for discipline and the absolute necessity of strictly obeying orders, declined to allow the carriages to go until instructions had been received from the Queen. The Prince was very angry and complained, but Sir George's action was supported by her Majesty, and it was a long time before the Crown Equerry was forgiven by the Heir Apparent. Besides the £1000 a year, the Equerry has an admirable town house in the stable yard, a capital country residence at Hampton Court, the run of the royal stables, and numerous other perquisites.

Sir Henry Ponsonby, who has been living during the last month at his house in St. James's Palace, which is the official residence of the Keeper of the Privy Purse, leaves town next week for Windsor Castle, to be in readiness to assume his duties as Private Secretary to the Queen, which have been undertaken during his holiday by Sir Fleetwood Edwards.

A story from Sofia about the crisis which has led to the dismissal of M. Stambuloff ought to interest that student of Bulgarian manners, Mr. Bernard Shaw. Prince Ferdinand and his Minister agreed very well until the Prince married a lady of high lineage and fastidious delicacy. The first time she saw M. Stambuloff, she said to her husband, "Send that man away; I can't endure his dirty finger-nails!" Hine ille lachrymæ. It sounds like a passage from "Arms and the Man." M. Stambuloff, with great national spirit, declined to revise his nails to suit the notions of a mere foreigner. He felt, no doubt, that if a stand were not made on this issue the independence of Bulgaria would be undermined. As well submit to the Czar at once!

So Ladas did not disappoint his owner and his backers, after all. A friend of mine apostrophises the favourite in this wise—

mine apostrophises the favourite in this wise—
How very small the diff'rence that appears
'Twixt the swift Ladas of whom Martial wrote,
In spite of all the intervening years,
And Ladas, hero of each sporting note!
The first a courier, born at Sieyon,
One who for conqu'ring Alexander ran;
T'other a courser, starting at odds on
For Archibald, another conqu'ring man.
Ladas the two-legged on the classic page
Holds fame that centuries cannot efface;
Ladas the four-legged fills a wider stage—
Has he not won the world's most classic race?
Oh, Ladas, both as man and horse allied
To human greatness, as which will your name
(Perhaps good Dr. Hornby will decide)
Endure the longer on the scroll of fame?

Yet, Lord Rosebery is not universally envied. The Labour Leader, Mr. Keir Hardie's organ, for instance, published a cartoon, of which



THE PARTY JUGGERNAUT.

Reproduced by permission from the "Labour Leader."

I am permitted to give a small reproduction. Mr. John Burns, "The Battersea Pet," who pushed "the bloomin' conwayance on," sings a song as he runs, and in the course of dolorous ditty tells us that

The 'osses in front would refuse to gee,
If it weren't for the strong man of Battersea.
"I can't see where we are makin' for,
I can't say as how I feel much inclined;
But it's fine to fancy—if once you sawr—

I can't say as how I feel much inclined;
But it's fine to fancy—if once you sawr—
You could steer the kerridge to suit your mind.
An' that's the feelin' of honest J. B.,
Who voices the feelin's of Battersea.

"Still, where we are bound for, I can't tell, Nor if I be shovin' a Juggernaut car, Or the car of Progress—to Heaven or Hell—For I don't know which of the two it are. But I'm bound to hold on, whichever it be, As the hon'rable Member for Battersea.

"I flatter myself I have faked things neat,
An' now it's as clear as a London fog
On a raw, damp day in a London street
That the tail may easily wag the dog.
The dog is the Liberal Ministrie,
And the tail is the Member for—what price me?"

There are humourists among the London cabmen. Some of them invited a theatrical manager to receive a deputation to urge upon him the propriety of giving a morning performance for the benefit of the strike. They based their appeal on the curious ground that the manager was supposed to be losing forty or fifty pounds a night by the abstention of playgoers, who were afraid of not finding cabs enough to take them home. The manager does not seem to have been greatly impressed by this logic of the situation.

First of all, rumour said that Ivan Caryll was going to the Gaiety to direct the musical operations there, vice Meyer Lutz. Now the lady "painted full of tongues" adds that Leopold Wenzel will probably take Ivan Caryll's place at the Lyric. Since M. Wenzel resigned his position at the Empire, in the early part of the year, he has, I am told, been very busy on a comic opera, and possibly it is this that will first see the light at the pretty house in Shaftesbury Avenue where Miss May Yohó is breaking fresh hearts every night. As the popular composer of ballet music has had some experience in writing for the comic opera stage, he should do well. Two of his operas, "La Cour d'Amour" and "Les Dragons de la Reine," met with considerable success in Paris. Ivan Caryll came into public notice when he composed music to Mr. Clement Scott's libretto in "The Lily of Leoville." It was not a success, but did the composer a great deal of good. He is a tuneful musician, and wields the bâton admirably.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

BAYONET EXERCISE ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER CHICAGO: "GUARD."

The officers and crew of the American warship Chicago have been the recipients of much honour on all hands while the vessel has been moored off Gravesend. A number of them were presented to the Prince of Wales at the recent Levée, many have enjoyed the opportunity of viewing the glories of Hatfield House and other spots interesting to the sightseer, and each evening sixteen have availed themselves of the kind invitation of Mr. Henry Irving to see the Lyceum representation of "Faust." At the Trooping of the

"Faust." At the Trooping of the Colour and the Military Tournament, also, our "Chicago" friends have been accorded enthusiastic applause. They have been zealous in reciprocating hospitality, and large numbers of the public have had the pleasure of inspecting the splendid ship. Last Monday a reception was held on board, when many of the friends whose acquaintance has been made during their stay were hospitably entertained. We are all glad of every instance of such cousinly courtesy.

Since writing last week about the wiles of the modern Artful Dodger, a lady friend has told me of an experience well worth publishing. She was travelling in an omnibus, a few weeks ago, and a gentleman wearing an Inverness coat entered and sat down by her side. Although his outward appearance denoted respectability, there was something about him that failed to inspire confidence, and, for no very obvious reason, she suspected his intentions. He, however, did not appear to take any notice of her, and sat with his wellgloved hands on his knees, staring in front of him as though unconscious of his surroundings. He told the conductor to stop at a turning in Oxford Street; but his instructions were forgotten, and the 'bus went some twenty yards farther before he noticed it. He then jumped out very hurriedly, and five minutes later the lady alighted at her destination. She then found that her cloak

had been cut through by some very sharp instrument, and her pocket removed in toto. Though perfectly sure that her neighbour in the 'bus was the thief, she could not possibly understand how he had managed to rob her, seeing his hands had been plainly visible all the time. A visit to the police-station and talk to an inspector cleared up the difficulty. One of the man's visible hands was a dummy, and while sitting by her side apparently unoccupied he was busy with one real hand under his cloak, while the other one kept the dummy company on his knees: so it happened that nobody noticed his manœuvres, and he pursued hismay I say handicraft?-in peace. Still, the idea is such a neat one, and must require so much skill, nerve, and dexterity, that I was quite sorry to hear that the pur-loined pocket contained nothing more valuable than a letter, a handkerchief, an old purse with about twelve shillings in it, and — spare my blushes—a patent powder-puff.

Some years ago, when the Strand was an even happier hunting-ground than it is at present for those whose profession it is to find things before they are lost, the police were in a state of indignant excitement because they could not lay legal hands upon the receiver. They would see a man's pocket picked or his watch lifted; they would follow the flying thief for twenty or thirty yards, eatch him, and find no trace of the stolen property. He would explain

that he was only running because he had an appointment at his club or because his medical man recommended that form of exercise in that thoroughfare. Even though the victim swore to the prisoner being the man who robbed him, convictions were hard to secure, and the heart of the "Peeler" waxed heavy, and the heart of the Artful Dodger waxed light. Then relays of detectives were scattered about the Strand, and the vigilant ones of Scotland Yard at length found the man they wanted.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

BAYONET EXERCISE ON BOARD THE CHICAGO: "SECOND PARRY."

He was not one of the swell mob, with faultless hat and varnished boots; he was not one of the seedy ones who frequent all the lanes leading on to the Embankment, ever ready to propagate their especial doctrines of Socialism. No; he was a nice, clean-looking, fatherly old gentleman, who wore a shovel hat and carried a very large umbrella. He looked for all the world like one of those considerate old parties who offer you tracts outside Exeter Hall when you are making your way to the Gaiety or the Empire to admire your very best dancing girl. And the unfeeling detectives led the old gentleman away, and found in that abnormally large umbrella more articles of "bigotry and virtue" than he could account for the possession of. There were several results of this haul. The first was the clean-looking old gentleman's removal, the second his committal for trial, the third his conviction by twelve good men and true, and the fourth—well, that can't count, for it is not yet accomplished, and will not be complete for some

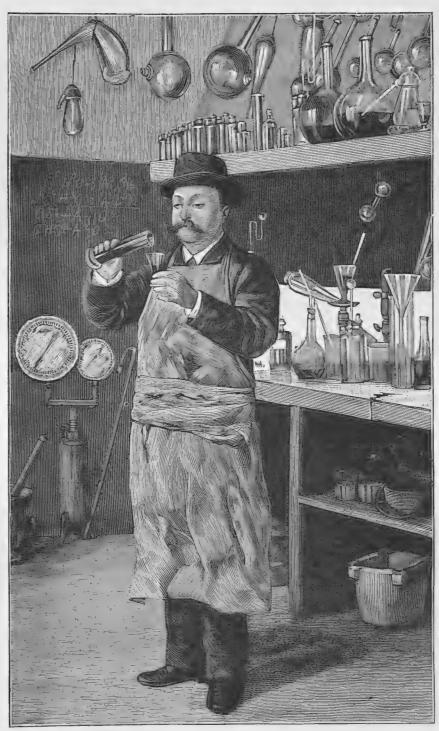
years to come.

Even allowing that the Strand is not free from objectionable features, I protest that it is the most interesting thoroughfare Dr. Johnson may have preferred Fleet Street, but the average slinger of ink has too much of it. Fleet Street is surrounded by an atmosphere of Latest Intelligence and Alarming Rumours; in its courts and alleys the incessant rattle of machinery shakes all the adjacent buildings to their well-worn foundations. Everybody is in a hurry; you are an intruder wheresoever you go; the fact that you have time on your hands is a reproach in this world of print. It is a point of honour to be always engaged, to keep everybody waiting as long as, or longer than, their patience will endure. Therefore, I rush through such business as takes me to the haunts of the printer, and betake me to the Strand. There people have more time. In sundry halls of marble you will always find some man who knows how to be idle. You can pick up all sorts of gossip, mostly mendacious. You can see the great lions of the sporting press, and wonder how it is that men whose merest utterances fill you with awe can be so affable, and ready to accept your modestly-offered tribute of liquid nourishment. Then there is treasury-day, when the shining lights of the world theatrical do pervade the Strand as though it belonged to them, and you can watch the truly great representatives of Drama and think strange thoughts. And if the shining ones of Journalism and Drama are absent, turn to the crowded window of any photographer, and wonder at the strange assortment that meets your eye.

Dick Turpin has ceased to be a terror to the subjects of these realms, but his French namesake could do more than sustain his reputation if all the stories of his new "war-engine" are true. M. Turpin has already distinguished himself by the discovery of mélinite. His new invention was completed during the two years' imprisonment to which he was subjected after the sensational trial. It is said to be a sort of monster mitrailleuse, worked by electricity, which, placed in front of an army, will render the space in front for several thousand mètres and over a surface of from fifteen to eighteen miles unapproachable by the enemy. Nobody, as a matter of fact, knows the apparatus; but M. Turpin says that the system is based on the use of liquefied gas. This allows of an extremely light apparatus and an enormous force for propelling projectiles. He has founded a company, the "International Company for Exploiting Eugène Turpin's New War Material," and taken out patents. It is a Belgian company, formed with Belgian capital, and the directors are Belgians. M. Turpin allows the German Government got scent of his invention, and asked him for an interview, which he granted, before he had ever written or telegraphed to it. It is even probable that that Power will have the priority. "By giving all the Powers the option of using the engine invented by me," he says, "I hope, so powerful is that engine, to prevent all war in future."

In reference to the oft-discussed question of a new edition of Sir Richard Burton's "Arabian Nights," Lady Burton writes to me as follows: "In the course of conversation, the other day, with a friend of forty years' standing, I learned that he had been in a large gathering of clever scientific literary men, most of whom were subscribers to my husband's

original 'Nights,' of which 1000 copies were sold with a covenant that no unmutilated edition would ever be reprinted. I am told—but I cannot understand why—that people suppose that an unmutilated edition is about to be produced. I wish to assure my husband's thousand subscribers that his covenant is far more sacred to me now than it was even when he was living to keep it himself, and that no unexpurgated edition will see the light. I am more averse to it than even they could be, not for the sake of the money, but for the sake of his word. My husband left everything to me, especially naming books, manuscripts, and copyrights. I was his sole executrix. Now I have sold the copyright, but under such restrictions as will prevent the same of any edition which could possibly trench upon the rights of the original subscribers. My purchasers assure me that they have no desire to depart from the conditions imposed upon them, and that it is their intention to produce a book which every gentleman or gentlewoman shall be able to read with pleasure and profit, and one that can be left about the house without being locked up. I trust this explanation will satisfy the thousand original subscribers." Almost simultaneously I receive the following letter from Captain Barker: "A great friend of mine was present the other night at a meeting of literary men, where Lady Burton-whom I consider a fearless and truthful woman, very much tried and worried on many counts and from many quarters-and the 'Arabian Nights' and 'The Scented Garden,' that Hydra of many heads, were put under the microscope for inspection. The conclusion was ' that, though she has declared three times that her husband's manuscript was burnt, and that no copy remains, that it is yet secretly printed, and is being circulated.' The matter lies in a nutshell. 'The Scented Garden,' or, rather, 'Perfumed Garden,' is simply an Arabic 'Art of Love.' The original Arabic manuscript in old days got very much



M. TURPIN IN HIS LABORATORY. From the picture by M. van Driesten.

dispersed, a little in one country, a little in another, and a little bit in Tunis. Somebody translated this latter bit into French in 1886: a copy was immediately bought by Messrs. A and Z in London, of which, let us say,  $\Lambda$  died, and Z translated it into English and printed it. I have copies of both of these in my library: the English is printed in lilae ink with red ornamentations and an ivory-coloured cover, and bears the date 1886, which date shows the fraud, because it was long before my friend Burton thought of the translation, being already over-taxed with his 'Arabian Nights,' which was not completed. This is sold over the counter for ten guineas to unsuspecting youths with a whisper that 'This is the manuscript Lady Burton is supposed to have burnt.' A youth brought me one the other day and told me the story, and asked me if it was the real one. Burton's work, which comprises the whole of the manuscripts which he collected from different countries, was only to have been sold at three guineas, but it was burnt in 1890, as I have reason to know."

# "A MODERN AMAZON." \*

It is impossible for a reviewer to open a feminine novel nowadays without an uncomfortable suspicion that he will find gibbeted there one of his own tribe, or even so august a being as an editor. Woman is finding us out to he purely a to any hourt a discoular way held to finding us out; she pursues us to our haunts, discupboards our skeletons. If this were always done in the Sarah Grand manner, if we were always painted in melodramatic tints like the man about town in "Eugenia, the onslaught might be withstood with equanimity. There is even a satisfaction in finding that you are bold and bad in the writings of a lady who proposes to "spank" the old Adam out of the next male generation. The nursery is to be ruled by a vigorous feminine Hand (small, of course, but tremendously muscular), which will expel the malignant humours of the masculine gender by a process of animated massage. Those of us who are too mature for this treatment might exult in our iniquities if it were not that George Paston and Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon (of whom more anon) are undermining the citadel of our self-complacency by showing editors and such god-like persons in their habits as they live. In "A Modern Amazon," one Stephen Faulkner, who conducts the kind of journal which demands the perfection of savoir-faire, is made subtly odious and absurd. He is not even allowed to commit suicide, or fall into a decline, when his hopes of wedding an unsophisticated young woman with his chequered past are shattered by a discarded sultana. "As he felt the ashes of the Dead Sea fruit grate between his teeth, he went to a drawer, took out a paper packet, from which he shook some white powder into a tumbler, mixed it with water, and swallowed it at one gulp." When I got that far I felt that, at any rate, Stephen was going to redeem the editorial reputation for manly resolution, if no other reputation. But—"it was nothing more deadly than a scidlitz powder."

As for the "modern Amazon," she is one of the most piquant and

exasperating triumphs of a sex which is rich in incarnate vagaries. She fools the editor, and is largely responsible for the scidlitz powder; she persuades a doctor to marry her, on a condition which makes marriage a nullity—he, poor man, hugging the delusion that this is only a passing fantasy; she claims as his wife an independence which might exhaust the breath of the Pioneer Club; and, after some months of domestic chaos, she takes herself off in dudgeon to spinster quarters, not without a pleasing belief that her husband will come for her next day. But the doctor, as the medical profession will be glad to hear, is not such a—well, such a simpleton as the editor. He does not come, nor does he write, and his somewhat astonished spouse struggles for a livelihood between offended myide and storygion smid the flotsam and jetsam of between offended pride and starvation amid the flotsam and jetsam of Fleet Street, till she is found by one of her husband's friends and restored to him. By this time her independence is worn out, and she flings herself into his arms with a vehemence that makes him stagger, flings herself into his arms with a vehemence that makes him stagger, and says, "I thought you would come and fetch me back; I have wanted you all the time." All this suggests that the chastening Hand may profitably extend its operations to both sexes. But you must not suppose that Regina Haughton is simply a mass of irritating perversity. She is delightful even in her most irrational moments; her self-will is touched by a fine intelligence; she is a breezy, audacious young creature, full of healthy womanhood, which does not for a while understand its own resources. I am not sure that she will give unmixed pleasure to the "spanking" school, or that George Paston will go unsuspected of treason to the Georgian dynasty. George Paston will go unsuspected of treason to the Georgian dynasty, which drapes our feminine fiction in a masculine pseudonym. One of the most agreeable characters in the book delivers himself of these reactionary sentiments: "I don't hold with the modern idea that a wife should be a companion to her husband, and able to enter into his intellectual pursuits. A hard-working man is only with his wife at meals and in bed, and he doesn't want to talk then. He gets his mental stimulus from his men friends: at home he only desires rest and soothing. He wants a wife to love him unreasoningly, to believe in him blindly, to forwise him unreasoningly and to he read to him at all times and in forgive him unquestioningly, and to be good to him at all times and in all circumstances. If she is clever enough to understand him, she will be clever enough to criticise him, and when once she begins to criticise him, the Lord have mercy upon his soul!" On this note of awful foreboding many men, especially editors, will linger with fearsome interest; but there are other things to linger over in "A Modern interest; but there are other things to linger over in "A Mode Amazon," which is full of fresh observation and genuine talent.—L. F. A.

# A CHAT WITH MISS AUDREY FORD.

"I'm so glad you want only a little talk, not a real, formal interview," was the greeting of the bright-faced young girl, who, when I was ushered into her tiny dressing-room at the Haymarket Theatre, was seated in dainty déshabillé before her looking-glass, "making up" for the last act of "A Bunch of Violets." A glance at the pretty, piquant face, with its dark, sparkling eyes brimful of happiness, was sufficient confirmation of the report which I had heard—that Miss Audrey Ford was none other than Miss Lottie Venne's "little girl." In her frankness and freedom from affectation, as well as in fecture, the young entress resembles that from affectation, as well as in feature, the young actress resembles that cleverest of comédiennes.

"I am too unimportant to be really interviewed," Miss Ford added; "and a man who once came to interview me got quite angry with me because I had had no experiences or adventures, and had nothing to tell. My life has been very quiet and uneventful—just a life at home with

"A Modern Amazon." By George Paston. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.

my mother and only brother, who also hopes to go on the stage one day. I was educated by governesses, except for a short time at a boarding-school at Blackheath. That's all my history."

"Then, you weren't an infant prodigy?"

"No, indeed, and I never played in private theatricals," said Miss Ford, anticipating my next query, as she deftly tied a black ribbon about the mass of pretty red-brown hair which in the part of Violet Marchaet she were a newware hopeing levely on her shoulders. Marchant she wears en perruque, hanging loosely on her shoulders.

"But you have always lived in an atmosphere of the stage?

"Yes; but I never really went on until about a year ago, when I played a minor part—simply walked on, in fact—in 'Hypatia,' here at the Haymarket. My next engagement was the part of Amy Spettigue in 'Charley's Aunt.' I played there for ten months, understudying at the same time. Then I had influenza and had to rest for a while."

Miss Ford went on to chat about her school days, which, to judge by her appearance, cannot be very far behind her, busy all the while giving



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S. W. MISS AUDREY FORD.

the finishing touches to her eurly coiffure, and proceeding in due time to that important part of a stage toilette, the "make-up" of the hands. I watched with interest the application of a liquid which made the small

hands look delicately white.

"Have I a hobby?"—Miss Ford reflected for a moment, while she polished her nails until they glowed like pretty pink-tinted shells. "Well, perhaps music is my hobby—at least, I am very fond of it. I sing a little. Madame Rose Hersee is my teacher, and I play the piano and the guitar. My voice is a mezzo-soprano." the guitar. My voice is a mezzo-soprano."
"Do you suffer from stage-fright?" The question was prompted by

some recollections of signs of nervousness noted at the dress rehearsal of "A Bunch of Violets."

"Not usually; but I was rather nervous over this part, for, though small, it is an important *rôle*. I shall always feel deeply grateful to Mr. Sydney Grundy for his kindness and patience during the rehearsals, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Tree, who were likewise most kind and encouraging. I know I have a great deal yet to learn, but I am very ambitious, and I intend to work very hard, for I want to be a very good actress some day."

"Mrs. Tree is on, Miss," announced the trim maid who had guided me through the mazes of "Behind-the-Scenes Land."

Miss Ford's longest wait was nearly over. Her "make-up" completed, she had exchanged her white neglige for the simple, dainty little gown of fawn-coloured velvet which she wears in the last act; and as she took up the wide-brimmed hat and proceeded to follow her cue, looking as sweet and fresh as a "bunch of violets," I thought involuntarily of a somewhat similar little figure who, in one of the acts of "A Dancing Girl," wore a similar dress—that of Miss Rose Norreys, whom, in the natural charm of her acting, Miss Audrey Ford resembles not a little.—A. L. s.



MISS AUDREY FORD IN 'A BUNCH OF VIOLETS," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

#### A STRONG MEASURE.

Baby Vander. The wildest, jolliest girl in Baltimore. Her Mother. Well in hand.

Engaged to BABY, now and then. GEORGE.

Scene: The handsomest suite of rooms in the Métropole.

Baby Vander. Well, you're just the meanest white woman that ever lived—there! (She goes out furious, slams the door, and slings herself on the bed in her mother's room.) I don't care if she is my mother. She's too mean. I wish I was dead! I wish she was dead! I wish everybody was dead! (Sobs.) I'm not to go, and I'm not to war it, and it's the prettiest dress I ever had, and would have made Polly Gaylark wild with envy! As if the Gaylarks weren't good enough for us—they are good enough at home! We didn't come to Europe to be too good for our friends.

L'il tell you! I believe Mother's us—they are good enough at home! We didn't come to Europe to be too good for our friends. . . I'll tell you! . . . I believe Mother's just mad because she is not asked! A Cinderella dance! Who wants to be stuck up with chaperons at a Cinderella? I guess it's about chaperon enough to take the man you're engaged to. (Moans.) Oh, my dress, my dress! (Jumps up.) I'll have a look at it, anyway. (She pulls out a gorgeous ball-dress. She puts it on.) Say, don't I look sweet? I always knew my waist was neat, but I never knew it was as small as that. Oh, it's the meanest thing that was ever done! (Shakes her fist at her mother's pincushion.) I hope—yes, I hope she'll have toothache again to-night; she wants punishing. (Takes small bottle out of dressing-case.) I'll hide the laudanum. No—wait; I've got it. I'll make her sit up. (Drinks.) Now Ma'll be sorry she said "No." Where's the Bloom of Ninon? (Daubs her face with powder.) I guess I look pretty ghastly! ook pretty ghastly! [Her Mother enters. Her Mother You abominably disobedient girl! Take off that I look pretty ghastly!

HER MOTHER. You addring disobedient girl! Take off that dress at once. George is coming to dinner, and we're going quietly to the theatre. You are not going to the Gaylarks, so don't fancy it.

BABY VANDER (sullenly). Couldn't go if I wanted to now?

HER MOTHER (sneers). What! doesn't it fit?

BABY VANDER (sharply). Like a glove! It's not that.

HER MOTHER. Take it off, then—quick! I'll help you.

BABY VANDER (screams). Don't touch me! (Stares fixedly at the dressing-table.) You'll miss it to-night when you have toothache.

HER MOTHER. Miss what?

HER MOTHER. Miss what?

BABY VANDER (portentously). Your laudanum.

HER MOTHER. Mercy, child!

BABY VANDER. Yes; I 've swallowed it. May you be forgiven!

(A knock at the door.) Here's George. Break it to him gently.

George (at the door). Aren't you coming? The soup's getting cold.

HER MOTHER (wildly). George, look here! Here's this fool of mine says she has taken poison.

George (consequence of Parky). Behy, how, dore you frighten your.

George (severely to Baby). Baby, how dare you frighten your mother so? She isn't strong; you should have more consideration.

BABY VANDER. She isn't strong; you should have more consideration.

BABY VANDER. She is strong enough to bully me. She lets me get a perfect dream of a dress for the Gaylarks' ball, and then tells me I'm not to go! It is just too cruel! And I hope we shall meet in Heaven, but I don't believe we shall. Oh, my poor head!

HER MOTHER (who has been examining her dressing-case). Here's the bottle, George. I don't know what to think—I—

Greeger How full was it?

GEORGE. How full was it?

HER MOTHER. Nearly empty-only a tablespoonful, I'm sure, for I took some last night. What are we to do? Send for the doctor?

George. All right. No need to send for the doctor.

HER MOTHER (wildly). She'll die! George. Nonsense! We will not let her die. Keep her awake, that's all. She hasn't taken enough for it to be necessary for us to have resource to extreme and—disagreeable measures. But we mustn't let her sleep. Get some strong coffee made—um—um— [Baby listens with interest, her eyes half closed. She begins to sing.

Sleep, little baby, don't you cry, You'll be an angel by-and-by.

HER MOTHER. What is she singing?

GEORGE. A song of Lotta's, I think BABY VANDER.

Old Satan's coming, comb out yo' har, Get out yo' ticket for de gospel car.

George. Oh, Baby, dry up!

BABY VANDER. You are a brute, George. (Solemnly.) Mother, I've not been a very dutiful daughter to you, I fear, but you'll try and think kindly of me when I'm gone. And you'll be good to little brother way out there. Dear little fellow, I should like to kiss his golden curls once more; but it was not to be. Don't cry, Mother. Give him that ring of mine—the sapphire—to give to his girl, when he has one; and my collection of stamps, he can have them—I don't want them— GEORGE (hums)-

Give my chewing gum to sister; I shall never want it more.

HER MOTHER. George, how can you? Oh! Are you sure she's not poisoned? She looks so excited; her eyes are quite bright— GEORGE. Ahem!

BABY VANDER (aside, uneasily). I wish I'd had time to look up the symptoms. (Aloud.) It isn't painful, Mother; my features won't be distorted. I shall pass away quietly. Put snowdrops on my coffin, for I die young. Ah!

HER MOTHER. Oh, George, she's going off!
George (cheerfully). Not if I know it. Here, wet a corner of a towel and tie a knot in it, and flick—

BABY VANDER (excitedly). No, no; I won't be flicked; it will hurt, and it would ruin my dress

GEORGE. Take off the dress, of course.

BABY VANDER (with dignity). Really, George!
GEORGE (drily). Well, then, don't go to sleep.
BABY VANDER. Oh, George, don't try to prolong it! Let me die quietly in your arms. Quietly, I say. Don't joggle so!
GEORGE. I must. Here, Mrs. Vander, take one arm, and I'll take the other. It will ruin your dress, Baby; but if you won't, you won't.

[They hale her up and down.

BABY VANDER (after ten minutes). Oh, mercy, let me die! I've had enough of this. I am ready to drop-

enough of this. I am ready to drop—
George. Imagine you're dancing the "Barndoor" at the Gaylarks'.

Baby Vander. Now, really, did you suppose I was going to dance with you all the evening? I was going to dance with some lovely men, you bet. What will they say to-morrow when they hear all?

Her Mother (wringing her hands). Oh! if I had only known, I should have let her go a thousand times over! Much as I dislike the Gaylarks—that woman I can prove foreign for her rudeness to me

Gaylarks-that woman, I can never forgive for her rudeness to mesooner than this, she might have danced there every night for a week.

George. It's a pity, Ma'am, you didn't let her go at first. It's too late now. What are you grinning at, Baby?

Baby Vander. Convulsive! (Moans) Too late! too late.

[The Mother threatens hysterics.

George. Dear Madam, if you can't control your feelings, I must beg of you to leave us. It may have the worst possible effect. Could you go and see why they don't bring the coffee? I'll see to your daughter.

The Mother goes. BABY VANDER (sleepily). George, can't you find some other way of keeping me awake? This grows monotonous.

George. Will this do?

[Kisses her.]

Baby Vander. How dare you, George!

George. It seems to wake you up, anyway. [Repeats the experiment. Baby Vander (wriggling). It's too bad of you!

George. Why, you're engaged to me!

Baby Vander. Not now. (Soiemly.) George, I am not of this earth. I am the bride of death; I want to be left alone, to make my peace with Heaven—to say my prayers, and think about good things.

George. Ah! but you might fall asleep thinking of them, as you do in church

in church.

BABY VANDER (after an interval, during which they stride up and down the room). Say! I can't stand this. I must have walked miles.

George. Will you have the towels, then?

BABY VANDER. No; I won't have any of your beastly remedies.

I am just going to sit down—I am dead beat, I tell you.

GEORGE. So am I-as tired as a dray-horse. It's for your sake,

darling, so I don't mind.

BABY VANDER (exasperated). Look here, I didn't invite you to keep me alive. And you've made a great fool of yourself, too. Neither you nor Ma looked to see what bottle it was I emptied. You can come off that roof, for I don't think much of either of you there!

George. What! wasn't it laudanum?

Baby Vander (contemptuously). No-you bet! It was just cau-de-Cologne!

GEORGE. You little witch! BABY VANDER. You idiot!

George. You ought to be slapped!

BABY VANDER. Don't you dare, anyway!

George. Such a trick to play!

BABY VANDER. Quite a pienic, wasn't it? I flatter myself I quite

got the bulge of you this time!

George. Don't laugh! You were tipsy. That's why your eyes were so bright and your cheeks so red. I suspicioned something, but that puzzled me. (Severely.) Baby, I'm ashamed of you.

Baby Vander. And won't you be engaged to me any more?

George. No—yes—we'll see. I couldn't have believed it.

Baby Vander. I'll sit down. I'd rather sit down this minute than he a crilling cheep him to the property of the second of th

be a smiling cherub in Heaven. Didn't I do it well?

George. No, abominably. A doctor would have seen in a moment you were "gassing." I felt it was not all right, somehow. I suppose

I had better go and tell your mother. BABY VANDER. I beg you won't do any such thing. She'll begin to fuss round at once. Do let me get my breath first. (Fans herself and settles her flounces.) The dress ain't much the worse.

George (severely). You don't seem to think of how you 've harrowed

up your mother's feelings for nothing.

BABY VANDER. Rake 'em down again, then; you know how.

HER MOTHER. George! George! You have let her sit down! George (drily). Speak to her, Ma'am. HER MOTHER. My child! my child! so young—so fresh—so sweet! Is this, then, the end?

BABY VANDER (suddenly). What is the time, George?
GEORGE. Hallo! You seem pretty fit. It's just ten.
BABY VANDER (rising suddenly). Is it ten? Well, then—I'm sick of this shamming—I'm going to the ball. You said I might just now, when I was dying. And I'm ready dressed! Hooray! George, overlain way good at it. [Exit. explain-you're good at it.

#### "THE WILD DUCK:" A STUDY IN ILLUSIONS. BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

If not absolutely the best of all possible worlds, this is certainly the most amusing. No one with the slightest sense of humour would dream of exchanging it for "that little star in Andromeda," where, according to Mr. David Remon, F.R.S., &c., the writs of the Court of Morality do not run. So, at least, we are bound to conclude from the fact that, though

Dulcie was a married lady, And a moral man was David,

he could look forward to "keeping house with her" in Andromeda without scandalising anybody. In a sphere of such advanced "realism"



FRONTISPIECE TO HARRISON'S "HISTORY OF LONDON," 1775. Time and History presenting to Britannia the ancient, progressive, and present state of London, referred to in "The Wild Duck."

there can be no drama, no Ibsen, no Ibsenites or Anti-Ibsenites—in brief, no fun of any sort. You could neither see "The Wild Duck" played overnight nor read the criticisms next morning. You could neither enjoy your own illusions nor contrast them with those of other people; and life without such "little ironics" would be simply unlivable.

I have not hitherto been reckoned lukewarm in my appreciation of Ibsen, but I was never more deeply thrilled by a sense of his genius than at the recent performance at the Royalty. The performance had been undertaken under very serious disadvantages and against my earnest advice. Of the rehearsals I had seen nothing, and I came to the theatre, if not precisely prejudiced against the undertaking, at least with the gravest misgivings as to the probable result. The opening scenes justified my fears. The "Adelphi guest" was rampant at Mr. Werle's dinner party, and the best stage-management in the world could not have made the thing lifelike or plausible on that bandbox stage. But when the Chamberlains were disposed of, and old Werle and his son stood face to face, they had not exchanged six speeches before the drama had its grip on me. And the grip never relaxed. The beginning of the second act introduced Hedvig, surely one of the loveliest characters in fiction, who found in Miss Winifred Fraser an ideal representative, simple, natural, childlike, yet with mature and ample powers of expression. By-the-way, I have the opportunity of reproducing the frontispiece of the "great big book called 'Harryson's History of London,'" whose illustrations Hedvig used to study. "A New and Universal History of the Cities of London and Westminster," Walter Harrison's book its full name, is a large folio, which was published in London in 1775. The frontispiece, representing "Death with an Hour-Glass and a Girl"—who is no less than Britannia—Hedvig thought "horrid"; "but, then," she added, "there are all the other pictures of churches and castles and streets, and big ships sailing on the sea."

For the rest, the interpretation of the play, though creditable, was not such as to cast any adventitious glamour over it. Mr. Abingdon showed intelligence and a fair general conception of the part of Hialmar, but did not make him very plausible, and was rather monotonous in his grandiloquence. Mr. Fulton played with spirit and earnestness, but scarcely attempted to bring out the dreamy unpracticality of Gregers Mr. Lawrence Irving had the sardonic humour, but not burly aggressiveness, of Relling. Mrs. Waring showed an excellent comprehension of Gina, but had not-she must allow me to say sothe necessary commonness of physique and placidity of temperament. The other parts, old Ekdal, Werle senior, Mrs. Sörby, and Molvik, were but passably filled; so that it was certainly not the brilliancy of the interpretation that dazzled me. Yet, as "the tragedy of the House of Ekdal" unfolded itself, with that smooth, unhasting, unresting movement which is Ibsen's greatest invention in the technical sphere—every word at once displaying a soul-facet and developing the dramatic situation—despite my long familiarity with the play, I felt almost as though a new planet had swum into my ken. I had been told, but scarcely believed, that "The Wild Duck" was one of Ibsen's most effective stage-plays. In Copenhagen, where it was played at the Royal Theatre, with Fru Hennings as Hedvig, Emil Poulsen as Hialmar, and his brother Olaf as old Ekdal, it is remembered by connoisseurs as one of the triumphs of that admirable company. This I knew, but had always been inclined to give more credit to the excellence of the acting than to the scenic qualities of the play. I was utterly mistaken. The play now proved itself scenic in the highest degree. It carried me along in a passion of purely theatrical interest. I could detach but a small portion of my mind for critical observation of the performance; I was practically absorbed in following the process of thought and feeling. Hardly ever before, as it seemed to me, had I seen so much of the very quintessence of life concentrated in the brief traffic of the stage. Its poetry and its prose, its humour, its irony, and its pathos, its commonplace surface suddenly yawning into unplumbed abysses—of all this I felt so keen a realisation as had but rarely visited me within the walls of a theatre.



FRU HENNINGS AS HEDVIG IN "THE WILD DUCK," AT COPENHAGEN.

In the corridor, after the curtain had fallen, I met the author of "Esther Waters," and we almost fell on each other's neck with the simultaneous exclamation of "Nothing like it since Shakspere!" It was a trivial remark enough, and even foolish if it had implied any definite comparison. But it did not. What we meant was that not since Shakspere had an intellect of equal capacity and potency found its sole and sufficient utterance in the drama. That was the impression Mr. Moore and I carried away from the performance—that was our particular illusion. And in my case it was not a passing illusion: it is strong in me at this moment.

Next morning I looked with interest for Mr. Clement Scott's illusion, and found it thus expressed: "To call such an eccentricity as this a masterpiece, to classify it at all as dramatic literature, or to make a fuss about so feeble a production, is to insult dramatic literature and outrage common-sense. . . . Ibsen may be a mighty genius, but he has no sense of humour." It is certainly no common achievement to come away from a theatre where the whole audience has been in fits of laughter over the exquisitely humorous character of Hialmar Ekdal, and, with the echoes still in your ears, to record gravely that his creator has no sense of humour. But Ibsen's humour, his dramatic and philosophic power, and his rank in literature are matters on which one foresees and is prepared for Mr. Scott's illusions. What one cannot, despite long experience, so easily understand is his capacity for illusion on plain matters of fact. The audience, he says in this case, "roared with laughter at the scenes intended to be serious, and they yawned ominously at the Master's ponderous and heavy-handed wit." The other week, in these columns, Mr. Scott did me the honour to controver what he called an "heavet evision" of wine respectively positive marity of called an "honest opinion" of mine respecting the relative merits of Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse; and I have noticed that he Saran Bernnardt and Bleonora Duse; and I have noticed that he is very fond of applying the epithet "honest" to other people's opinions. For my part, I do not understand this dwelling on "honesty." We do not talk of "the liquid ocean" or "a four-footed horse": we take it for granted that the ocean is liquid and the horse a quadruped. I should as soon think of calling an opinion "grammatical" or "orthographic" as "honest." There might be some doubt as to its syntax; there ought to be none as to its honesty. But, since Mr. Scott likes the phrase, let us call it his honest opinion that the audience roared with laughter at the serious scenes of "The Wild Duck." The question then comes to be how he can have arrived at this honest opinion in the very teeth of the facts. This is a psychological problem of no small interest. For my part, I am painfully sensitive to laughter in the wrong place. At "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the guffaws of the pit at some of Paula's outbursts used to make me writhe in my seat. At "The Master Builder," the inevitable titter over the "nine lovely dolls" was often an agony to me. But at "The Wild Duck" I did not hear a single laugh that seemed to me at all notably and painfully out of Is it really-Mr. Scott's honest opinion that when Ibsen made Hialmar exclaim, "What! Am I to drag all those rabbits with me, too?" he did not foresee and intend the laughter of the audience? We shall next have Raïna's allusions to her "chocolate-cream soldier" quoted as a proof that Mr. Bernard Shaw has no humour. Mr. Scott has long ago given us his honest opinion that Ibsen is a "suburban egoist and bungler, and a good many other things, mostly unfit for publication; but is it his honest opinion that he is a madman? And if not, how can it be his honest opinion that Hialmar is not intentionally ludicrous? And if Hialmar is intentionally ludicrous, how can Mr. Scott say that the audience "roared with laughter at the scenes intended to be serious"? That, as we know, is his honest opinion; but its honesty only makes the illusion all the more remarkable. No doubt, as is so often the case with gentlemen and ladies of Mr. Scott's impressionable temperament, the wish was father to the-honest opinion.

This question of the "roars of laughter" is a pure matter of fact, of evidence. On all matters of taste, on the other hand, my illusions are probably just as illusory as Mr. Scott's. Illusion for illusion, however, I think that which sees a masterpiece in "The Wild Duck" is more desirable than that which sees "an insult to dramatic literature and outrage upon common-sense." And I believe it is the illusion which is

destined to endure.

#### MISS WINIFRED FRASER.

Miss Winifred Fraser is a young lady, I am told, who has crowded an immense amount of theatrical work into a short time. Since '88, when she made her *début* as a professional, after being exceedingly busy as an amateur, she has played in the provinces successfully in such a wide range of parts as Maria in "Twelfth Night," Olivia in "The Vicar of Wakefield," Oberon in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Sam Willoughby in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," Pauline in "Called Back," &c. This work was touring with the Garrick company, Mr. Ben Greet's company, Her London experience included a good deal of under studying of Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Annie Hughes at the Garriek. At that theatre she created the part of Rosie in Mrs. Bancroft's pretty play, "My Daughter," and afterwards was the Lucy in "A Pair of Spectacles," &c. All this was a splendid training for Miss Fraser—or Mrs. G. R. Foss, to call her by her real name. Of course, the Hedvig is the triumph of her life, since her success was great, and the part is exceedingly difficult. For a full-grown actress to present a girl of fourteen—a child very old in thought, but in manner not precocious—is a very trying task, and Miss Fraser accomplished it so ably that she gave all the charm of the fascinating creature who for love's sake lays down her scarcely-tasted life, MONOCLE.

# HORS D'ŒUVRES.

How unbearably prominent just now is the New Woman! Everything nowadays is called new, in defiance of Solomon, who would have to recognise that in name, at least, there is very little under the sun that is All is vanity, however, in our day, as in his; but it is a New Vanity. The newness, indeed, often lies in little more than name. The New Unionism may be found set forth with much accuracy in the Shaksperian parts of "Henry VI."-I mean those relating to Jack Cade's rebellion. The New Humour (and here I agree cordially with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome) is as meaningless a title as Voltaire pronounced the name of the Holy Roman Empire to be. The New Journalism is as old as the gentleman who is known as the Father of-Reporting; New Radicalism is very like old envy, and New Toryism like the quackery of all ages. Even so is the (Sarah) Grand Young Woman of the day much like various appearances of the past; and the New Female will yet turn out to be in essentials a very ancient party.

For my part, I can see no reason why this New Movement, in its literary development, will be short-lived. Among the great qualities of the New Woman a sense for style is not manifest; and novels and essays and imaginative works generally can no more keep without style than meat without salt or some similar preservative. Our New Women may, to quote the immortal words of their leader, "spank" the new generation into wholesome principles by argument à posteriori; but not the most horny-handed daughter of toil will be able to drive our youth to "The Heavenly Twins" when Stevenson offers the delights of his reactionary romances. Human nature will revert to the old barbarism, and reject the proffered spankification.

Look, for instance, at the extremely sickly and unpleasant "symposium" in the New Review, which practically turns on the question of the Great Cabbage Fiction and its attendant details. The pronouncements of most of the sympostors (to coin a much-needed word) are sufficiently weak; but of these the contributions of reforming women are simply anarchic-exuberant in bulk, and with hardly the rudiments of a style. Miss Willard, as befits a temperance orator, pours out so many pages of sheer pump-water. I will consider the New Woman seriously when I find her developing a style, and a tolerable style. All true, honest reformers have achieved a manner of writing that, if not artistic, was at least individual and pleasant. But, also, all true, honest reformers have had the power of pithy, concise utterance; they compressed vividly because they saw clearly and desired strongly. The New Woman will never do any good until she can learn not to take six pages in saying less than a man would put into half a page. Verbosity is the note of half-knowledge.

Now, the most pleasant feature of the advance in female education has been that we are finding ladies who have a distinctive style and a sense of the value of words. Often they go wrong and take tinsel for gold, and speak of what they do not know; but even failure in a good cause is hopeful. Ill-chosen finery betokens a higher ambition than mere slovenliness; and in time our female novelists will learn, as some have learnt, to study the dictionary, as Gautier advised his disciples, and to learn that the preposition "to" does not rightfully follow the adjective "different."

There are some words and phrases that connote an inadequate literary education. "Different to" is one specimen. "To prefer . . . than" is another terrible combination. "Sphinx" with a y is another testword; so is the dreadful locution "weird-like." I wish that "tyro" were also recognised as a miss-spelling; but here corrupt usage has had its way, and the name rightly belonging to an obscure heroine of Greek legend has usurped the place of the good Latin tiro. Perhaps "Sphynx" will be forced on us by printers, who verily "persecute us without a cause." MARMITON.

#### AN EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

There was a man who had a clock, His name was Matthew Mears; He wound it regular every night For more than twenty years. At last that precious timepiece proved An eight-day clock to be, And a madder man than Mr. Mears You'd never wish to see.



MISS WINIFRED FRASER AS HEDVIG IN "THE WILD DUCK." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

#### TEKAHIONWAKE.

Do not be alarmed, gentle reader. This is no word puzzle. It is the name of a charming young Mohawk Indian lady who has come to England to sing the songs of the Iroquois in the English tongue, and to awaken us



Photo by Cochran, Brantford, Ontario

TEKAHIONWAKE.

to a truer sense of the mental power and high qualities of the people who have the best claim to the title-deeds of the vast continent of North

I knew something of the poetic gifts of this young lady before I went to seek her out at her London studio, 25, Portland Road, Holland Park, W. I knew that Whittier, the Quaker poet, and Campbell and Roberts, the two foremost singers of Canadian life, had given her high rank among Transatlantic poets as the original voice of Canada, by blood as well as by taste and the special trend of her gifts. Still, it was not easy to put aside thoughts of scalps and tomahawks and all that centres round the term "Indian" in an Englishman's mind, and when the studio was reached there was plenty to encourage the belief that, despite all the virtues with which Fenimore Cooper endowed him, the red man is "pizen" still. On the mantelpiece rested the most hideous of masks, the bearded, goggle-eyed mask of the mystical Medicine Man; on a screen were hung wampums which, it may be, have checked many a butchery in the past; while a fringed tunic of buckskin, ermine tails, and bracelets and necklaces of bear claws and panther teeth, all told of one who was proud of her Indian lineage and associations. Brilliant black eyes, high cheek-bones, and olive complexion leave no doubt as to this Indian lineage when Miss E. Pauline Johnson—to give her her English name—appears, and the grace of her manner and gesture and voice soon make one

realise that here is a unique representative of the life of the West.
"I am glad you have come to see me," said Miss Johnson; "for I know The Sketch well in Canada. You want to learn what my purpose is in coming to England. I am here on a mission, and if you like to read these letters from the Earl of Aberdeen and Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick of Ontario you will see that I have their full sympathy

· and approval.

"I am a Red Indian, as you know, and feel very proud of my 'copper-tinted face and smouldering fire of wilder life.' You think that You English, who owe so much to the Indian-where would your British America have been had he helped the French as he helped you long years ago?—you have a very poor idea of the grandeur of the Indian nature. I daresay, you, like the rest, think and write of him as a poor degraded savage, walking round with a scalping knife in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, seeking whom he may devour. Go to my home on the Grand River Reserve, in Ontario, and you will find my countrymen under a free Constitution, framed more than four centuries ago by that greatest of Indian statesmen, Hiawatha—no god, as dear, dead Longfellow pictured him. Here our chiefs are elected, our councils are conducted, and our civil policy is decided as nearly as possible by the rules of the ancient league. The tokens of the bear, the

wolf, and the turtle form part of a coat of arms older than many European devices, and represent a free commonwealth, older than any in Europe except those of England and Switzerland, and, perhaps, two of the little republics hidden away among the Pyrenees and Apennines.
"These are my people, the six nations who form the Iroquois.

Indians are not, of course, so progressive. Some are as far behind the Iroquois as the Turks are behind you English people; but the quality is there, if only a chance of advancement be given, and the taint of the whisky-bringing white outlaw be kept away. Put a pure-blooded Indian in a drawing-room, and he will shine with the rest of you.'

Just then my eye chanced to fall upon the picture in which a Cherokee Indian, brandishing a scalping-knife in a most murderous attitude, stands

with foot upon the throat of a writhing Mohawk.

"But you can't say you like that sort of thing, Miss Johnson?" "I love everything Indian, and I am fond of reciting my poem, 'The Avenger,' which that picture illustrates. You know the iron Indian law of 'blood for blood'? The Mohawk youth is avenging the death of his brother-

His eyes aglow
With hate and triumph as he hisses thro'
Locked teeth: 'Last night thou lendest a knife unto
My brother; come I now, O Cherokee,
To give thy bloody weapon back to thee.'
An evil curse—a flash of steel—a leap—
A thrust above the heart, well aimed and deep,
Plunged to its very hilt in blood the blade,
While vengeance gloating yells, 'The debt is paid!'"

Yes, I thought to myself, such a picture of Indian life, delivered in costume, with all the fire of an Indian's nature, would form a striking contrast to the skirt-dance and tableaux vivants of the London drawing-room. And then Miss Johnson would recite some of her charming canoe lyrics to calm everyone's nerves again.

"Please tell me what wampums are."

"Cleverly-woven bands of beads—the history, literature, seal, and coinage of the Iroquois. You have the biggest in your British Museum, and I mean to go and see it. But the art of carving the bead from the shell is lost, and so is the art of reading the wampum. It died with my grandfather, Chief John Smoke Johnson. He was a famous man in his day, a great war-chief and an orator, and you English owe him much, for he led his tribe in the war of 1812. This white wampum always significs peace. In a case of murder, the old Indian law of 'blood for blood' is invariable, but should an unmarried female relative of the murderer present this belt to the avenger he must accept the offering of peace."

"And the white man has come and spoilt all that?

"Yes; but, you know, we have two white-man chiefs. Connaught was made 'Chief Arthur' when he was in Canada in 1869. His Indian name is Kavakoudge-that is, the Flying Sun. The records tell us that one of the warmest admirers of his Royal Highness was William Bill, a dusky brave of huge proportions, with huge ivory rings in his nose, who insisted upon being kindly remembered to the Prince of Wales." P. A. II.



Photo by Cochran, Brantford, Ontario.

TEKAHIONWAKE.

# NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



Little streets are cheerless enough on a wet day, but big ones are a watery desolation. There is such a dripping dulness about everything, the view widening and opening out such vast prospects of sloppy uncertainty that it is evident the elements have combined to make people feel miserable. So, indeed,

think the owners of the wet feet,

shivering skins, and utterly woebegone faces, who hurry along, each mind having one thought uppermost, " Ugh! wish I was home."

The doorkeeper of the Emporium in Denmark Avenue thought the Schastopol trenches were not quite so depressingly monotonous, and he looked anxiously through the window as he heard the peculiarly heightened sound of a hansom dashing westward. He was thinking what a fine, soldierlylooking man sat inside, how very like he was to the old major that fell on the crest of Alma, when the shopwalker behind him said sharply, "Door! Charles, door!" The old commissionaire swung round on his heel, and every shadow of memory fled as he heard that rasping voice again: "This way, Sir! Hats! Ties! Gloves, Sir? Gloves!" but a grim smile lit up his searred face as he saw the stranger, who evidently knew the big shop, calmly ignore the "counter-jumper's terror," and walk straight on. Little Miss Millicent blushed like

a peony as she saw him pass the staircase. Her pride would have turned her pretty face to the mirror to see if she was in fitting trim to wait upon this good-looking giant; but there was a fascination about his majestic bearing, and she kept her cyes riveted upon him. She had a cousin in the Guards, and knew what it was to look up to six feet of magnificent idleness and turn away tired; but Corporal Monk was not so well favoured as this bronzed and bearded stranger. She was rather disappointed, though, when, after an interestingly though, when, after an interestingly low-toned conversation—made between purchases—he asked her how she liked her new place. A little brusque in her way, and knowing that to bridle up at idle compliments or hollow inquiries gave an extra charm to her piguent. piquant expression, she was very pleased to inform him that she had served in that very corner ever since she exchanged places with a young-lady who was "in the mantles." "And that," she added, with a toss of her head, "was five years ago."

Her poishbour who while deftly

Her neighbour, who, while deftly twirling ribbons round her fingers,

kept an eye on "that little Brixton flirt," saw with much displeasure that Millicent had quite pleased her handsome customer, who was now bent Millicent had quite pleased her handsome customer, who was now bent quite low, with his face close to hers, and talking rapidly. "Buying girls' gloves, eh?" said the ribbon-twiddler to herself. "I'll be bound they're sixes!" "She never buys any." But there had been a sigh from Millicent when, after taking out an old pocket-book and turning over several leaves, he had said, "I'll take a pair of ladies' also—tan, four-button." Size? Oh! six and a-quarter. While she was stretching them, he took some money out of his purse and paid the bill; then, putting the gloves in his pocket, he asked her to send the parcel to his cab at the door, and walked upstairs without saying another word.

The second floor at the Emporium is not sacred to women's feet, but



there are parts of it into which frock-coats and stove-pipe hats do not Every family man knows there are such places, and knows that they are as regularly attended as any other place of worship; but he does not go. He has been, but is now quite content to stay at home and pay the bills. Besides, men have no taste. Sometimes an unsuspecting male thing does go, and then he has, as this one had, to run the gauntlet of every pair of idle eyes in the establishment. But there was an air of



business in his manner when he walked up to an elderly young lady who wore spectacles, and, taking from his pocket an Emporium catalogue, said, "I wish to buy a hat of that design," pointing to one on a "turnedpage. She stared at him through her spectacles as politely as she could, but there was no mistaking her surprise when she told one of the girls who were dusting, "Miss Bowman, will you please show this gentleman No. 15 felt Duchess, feather No. 2?" As the girl came back with the hat he said to the lady, who still stared at his reflection in a mirror, "Ask your assistant to put on that sealskin jacket." With a dignified air, that would not have disgraced any low comedian, she echoed his request.

What might have happened to this stricken maiden was happily averted by the entrance of a well-known peeress, who swept along with all the dignity of sixteen stone and a coronet, her two very stylish daughters following, meekly oblivious of all but mamma. Turning to the new-comers with a look of relief, she said to him, "Excuse me, Miss Bowman will attend to you," and hurried away. As he leaned his tall form against the great black mirror between the two windows he heard that dows, he heard that very good-looking model say, half sigh and half

whisper-

"A very pretty jacket, Sir. Will it do?"
"No, I think not. No. Have you a full-length, about twenty-two in

the waist, for a lady five feet eight in height?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. Carrie, put that mantle on, will you, please? No, not that one; the other one. Yes, that's it."

"Ask her to put this hat on as well, and to come to this window with them."

"And then, you know, dear," said Nellie Bowman to her bedmate that night, "I was called away by 'Speccy' to drape skirts for that old frump, the Duchess.'

That lady's two very modishly-modest daughters stared straight at the prepossessing invader of the ladies' mantle-room. He certainly was a gentleman-there was no mistaking that-and a man of expensive, and probably very generous tastes, or he would not be buying costly sealskin mantles, such as the one now being very gracefully moved about the room. In spite of their high rank, they would fain have attracted his attention; but their eyes, like his, were at length fixed on the girl, who, after walking in front of him for some time, and frequently and anxiously looking round for someone that never came, now reluctantly advanced to

the window in a shrinking, embarrassed way.

There was no reason why she should be afraid, for the wearing and selling of mantles was part of the every-day business of her life-if,

indeed, so much loveliness as she possessed had not saved her the trouble of putting any man's tongue to silence. Her beauty was of that pure type which forbids outspoken admiration; its tribute must be dumb: one of those women whose hair is a flaxen glory, whose lips are crimson bows of Cupid, whose eyes are as full of love as their hearts, and whose quick, springing step is as light as that of the deer of Diana. glossy shapelessness of the mantle could not hide the flowing lines of her figure, and her tense, nervous movement made them still more apparent. Evidently, not a good saleswoman; but she mustered up her courage and said, smiling, though with downcast eyes, "I hope you like this beautiful mantle, Sir.

"I do very much. What is the price of it, and the hat as well? They match splendidly," he returned.

"The hat is three and a-half guineas; but this, Sir"—turning open

the breast to look, and speaking hesitatingly—" is 130 guineas."

She hardly expected the abrupt answer, "Very good! I will take them"; but with a cry of joy she bounded off to get her book, for the commission was fourteen shillings. Away flew the hat; but she laughingly stooped to pick it up as she came back, when, treading on the edge of the mantle, and springing sideways to keep from falling, her hair loosened and rolled in great coils of confusion down her back. Just then the setting sun asserted his power, breaking through the storm-clouds, and, as she put her book on the table, bending her head to hide her flushed face, sent shaft after shaft of fiery gold through her hair, which answered as fire unto fire, as flame unto flame. She knew that everybody was staring at her, but she opened the book gently, and, moistening her pencil with her lips, said-

"What name, please?"

He answered very quietly, "Roland Trevor."

The girl gave a startled cry as she staggered, all of a heap, against the woodwork. Her face went an ashen pallor, her lips became livid, her breathing choked, and her great eyes gazed, vacantly and fixed, as through a veil. A few moments passed, and she drew herself up, whispering hoarsely—
"Then you are not dead?"

"No! changed, perhaps, but very much alive."
"What have you come here for?"

"To buy you my long-promised wedding present."

"Ah!"

Had he not caught her, she would have fallen like a stone; but it was mere revulsion of feeling; his loving kiss awakened her to consciousness. Then, with her limbs trembling and her eyes full of tears, she, in a dreadfully disjointed handwriting, made out the bill for this lover that was lost and found, that was dead, and yet was alive

A few minutes later, amid the congratulations of all the girls, the thanks and sobs of Nellie Bowman, and the unutterable astonishment of the Duchess and that fine lady's attendants, she went slowly down those broad stairs, clinging to the arm of him from whom she should be parted nevermore.

The cabby wore his most knowing smile, the veteran knew he was not mistaken, saluting as though on parade—and little Miss Millicent still says that six and a-quarter is the very luckiest size in gloves.



Photo by Eastmans, Oxford Street, W.

A LITTLE GOLFER.

# "THE MASQUERADERS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

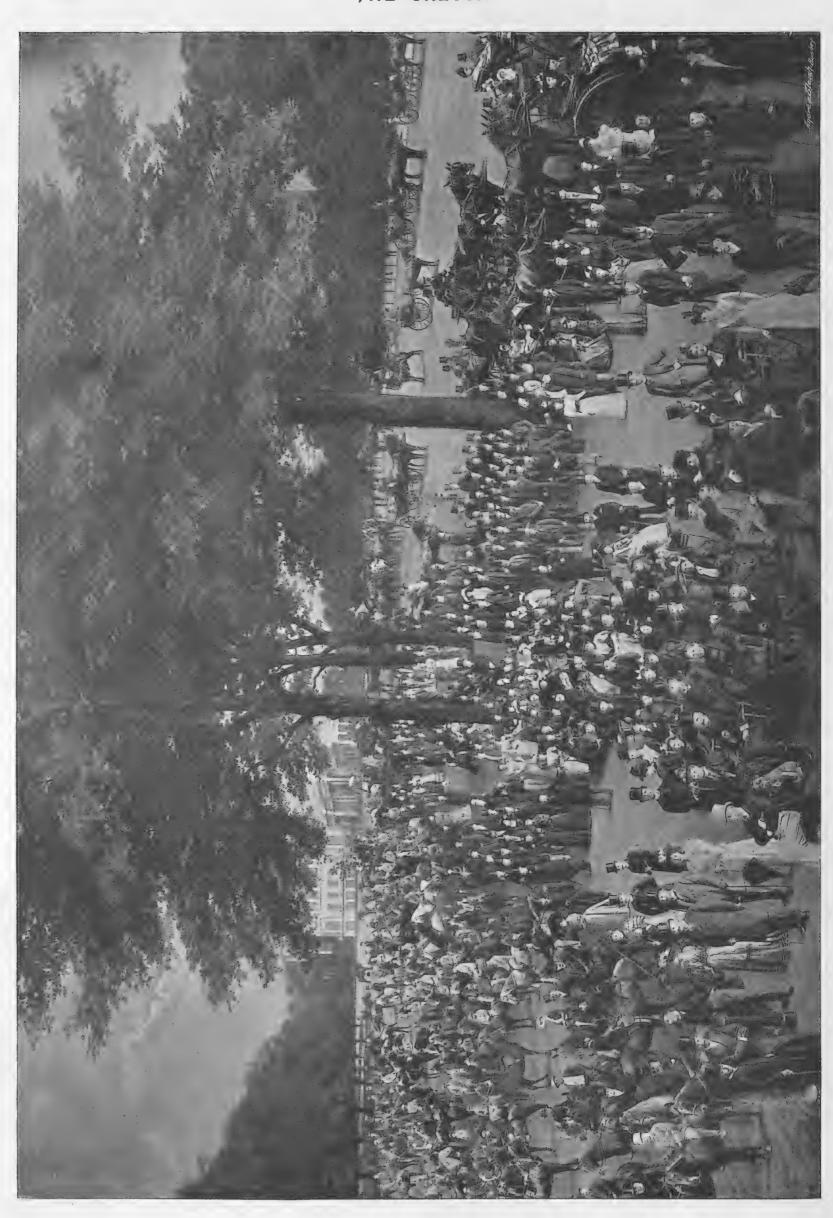








MR. HERBERT WARING AND MR. ALEXANDER IN THE FAMOUS CARD SCENE.



#### ROTTEN ROW.

From Photographs by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

Rotten Row, or, as it was formerly called, the "King's Road," has existed for the last two hundred years. Originally laid down by

past but of the present that we are now dealing. These three pictures by Mr. Barraud cover more than a generation, and yet what little seeming change, except in the matter of ladies' dress, has come over the scene! In the interval, it is true, the hours and spots of fashionable rendezvous in "the Row" have been subjected to strange vagaries. Thirty years ago, the hours at which it was proper to show one's self in the Park



THE ROW, 1864.

William III. as his drive to Kensington Palace, it has by degrees been specially set apart for riders. In 1764 an old engraving shows still one or two coaches within the enclosed space, but later, by right or prescription, the only carriages admitted were those of the Sovereign and of the Hereditary Grand Falconer, and now the privileges of both have fallen into desuctude. It is not, however, with the Rotten Row of the

on horseback were those between 5 and 7 p.m.; ten years or so later it was between noon and 2 p.m., and now the greatest crowd is to be found between 10 a.m. and noon, unless we except the "Liver Brigade"—composed of doctors, barristers, and the like—who appear as early as 7 a.m. Of those who are recognisable in the "afternoon" picture, which recalls the summer of 1864, the survivors are few, but



THE ROW, 1870.

their memories still cling to these much-frequented haunts. Lord Palmerston, Lord Granville, the Earl of Cardigan, Mr. Delane of the Times, and Mr. M. J. Higgins ("Jacob Omnium") are all easily recognisable by those who have no need to be classed among the patriarchs of society. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Sir Robert Peel, still remain, and are not unfrequently to be seen about the Row. Others, again, like Mr. Montague Guest, Sir Dudley Carleton, and the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, appear under different names, or have succeeded to family titles. Many, too, will recall the faces of W. J. O'Connell, the nephew of the "Liberator," and a renowned talker; Sir Lydston Newman, a well-known sportsman, and the hero of the Reindeer spelling case; Mr. Ten Broeck, the American horse-owner, who failed to win the Derby; Lord Ranelagh, or the "only Jones," who made Volunteering popular; Mrs. Jones of Pantglass, who, after many efforts, was landed by the aid of the first Duke of Wellington in the midst of the fashionable and party-giving world.

Six years later the hours and place of meeting are scarcely changed. New faces appear upon the scene, but many of the older still remain. Lord Palmerston has gone, but Lord Granville is as alert and as well mounted as ever. The two old dandies—considered by some the two best-dressed middle-aged gentlemen of their day-the Earl of Macclesfield and Mr. George Lanc-Fox, are to be seen, much as they are to be seen any morning of the present season, riding first-rate hacks. Earl Spencer is another survival of the same period, preserved, as some old Tory said, in order to show "that Radicals could ride." Philanthropy is there in the guise of Mr. George Peabody and Admiral Eden; the Court circle by the Prince of Teck; the drama by Lord Alfred Paget, and, in view of a recent production, by Lady Dorothy Neville; Mr. Panmure Gordon, then a lieutenant in the Hussars, has since developed in other walks, as has also Captain O'Shea. Mr. Hans Busk on this occasion is the chief representative of the Volunteers, with Earl Grosvenor (of the Queen's Rifles) and Colonel MacMurdo to support him. Lady Louisa Moncrieffe, Lady Grey de Wilton, and Miss Armitage represent the fashionable beauties of the day, and poor Arthur Sketchley seems to be the almost solitary "literary" exception.

Another shake of the kaleidoscope of fashion brings us down to our own days. The meeting-place has shifted to the tongue of land between the ride and the drive. Seats, which were unknown twenty years ago, now occupy more than half the space, and the driving company shares with the riders the attention of the loungers. A change, too, has come over the scene in other ways, and the Park is no longer exclusively the preserve of the idle class, who looked to its gatherings as a part of their ordinary round of social duties. The Park has, at various hours, become the breathing-space as well as the exercise-ground of many, who would find it difficult in the stress of daily life to go much further afield in search of fresh air. Politicians and fashionables still resort to it, and are represented by the veteran Lord Cranbrook, so recently created Lord Llangattock, who, with the Earl of Onslow, fresh from his Colonial experiences, is to be seen on the extreme left; Lord Russell, better known as Sir Charles Russell, just behind them, forms a connecting link between the Peerage and the Bar, which is further represented by the well-known figures of Mr. Frank Lockwood, Mr. Justice Grantham, and Judge Bagshawe, but, as a rule, the lawyers are among the early morning riders. Lady Cardigan is one of the few who have run the gauntlet of the series of pictures, but there are others who might have shared that distinction—Ladies Galway, Castle-Stuart, Carew, and Coleridge taking the lead among their class. Literature and journalism are more largely represented than in the earlier years of the Victorian era, a happy augury for the future, and a present recognition of the claims, among others, of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Sir John Robinson, Mr. Clement Scott; while art is represented by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Linley Sambourne, and Mr. Harry Furniss, the last two, as horsemen, being among the most assiduous frequenters of the Row. It is, in a word, the one spot in the society world where, for a moment, all men and women are on an equality, whether on horse, in chaise, or on chair. In any case, the majority of the loungers hold this belief, and they find mingled

The pleasures which Fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The new Pseudonym, "The Shen's Pigtail" (Unwin), is the kind of book that half reconciles one to the confident invasion of fiction by the amateur to-day. The amateur is sometimes a very lively and vigorous writer, though his works are seen to better advantage, as a rule, in the columns of a daily newspaper than in volumes by themselves.

Mr. M., the writer of these stories of Anglo-Chinese life, is a clever, vigorous amateur, with all the capacity of his kind for running from the heights of clear, simple, rapid narrative sheer down to the depths of journalese. "The Shen's Pigtail" seems the best, though its novelty as the first Chinese detective story I have read may be responsible for some of its attraction. The character sketches, "Office Men" and "The General," are clever descriptions, but all with the air of being direct personal reminiscences, little tampered with for literary purposes. This literalness the amateur is apt to regard as a virtue, which it is not.

"Pharais" gathers up a quantity of folk-lore and poetry, very valuable and beautiful; and it has the sentiment of the Scottish-Gaelic revival in full intensity, if the form in which the sentiment is moulded be not altogether satisfying. Among the poems given in Gaelie and English is a very remarkable one, a Celtie "Prayer of Women." Is it really an old song? There is an ultra-modern ring about this complaint against man for

. . . the sport that is in his heart,

Wherewith he mocketh us,
Wherewith he playeth with us,
Wherewith he trampleth upon us. .

Us, who conceive and bear him;
Us, who bring him forth;
Who fed him in the womb, and at the breast, and at the knee:
Whom he calleth Mother,
And Mother, again, of his wife and children:
When he looks at our hair, and sees it is white,
And at our eyes, and sees they are dim.

And this contempt of him, too, for that he seeth all

All save the spirit that shall not mate with him—All save the soul he shall never see
Till he be one with it, and equal.

The one thing needed to make a really successful book of Mr. R. K. Douglas's "Society in China" (Innes) is an impression of actual, living, intimate knowledge of Chinese life. That it does not give; and yet, in its aim and in its result it is distinctly a popular book, designed rather to inform and amuse the many than to instruct scholars. Mr. Douglas has drawn largely, and with effect, from the very frankly outspoken columns of the *Pekin Gazette*; but that hardly makes up for the fact that he has not made the full use in his book of his own experience of Chinese life.

It is a sweeping indictment of the country and the people, not only from a European point of view, but from the point of view of Chinese ideals and theories, which Mr. Douglas thinks more widely divergent than usual from actual practice. It just escapes being savage at times, and is, perhaps, written a little too much from an antipathetic standpoint to be quite fair. Yet, keenness of criticism may be permitted a man who reads by a wayside pool "Girls may not be drowned here," and who knows they may be drowned with impunity elsewhere, or who has studied the penal code and the administration of the law. For the guidance of readers, it may be said that the heavier chapters, on government, politics, and foreign relations, are the most readable, those dealing with lighter-sounding themes—like marriage, architecture, food, and dress—containing far less that is new, or even interesting.

The novel that Mr. Herbert Vivian, of Whirlwind fame, has written along with Mr. W. H. Wilkins, "The Green Bay Tree" (Hutchinson), is tamer than its intentions. The flourishing of the wicked man is its theme, but he flourishes in a very precarious fashion, and the good that suffer mostly deserve their pains either from their imbecility or disagreeableness. The fashionable society it describes, if not particularly wicked, is quite exceptionally vulgar, yet the joint authors' treatment of it has a look of lazy tolerance rather than the grim satire their mottoes give us the impression they meant to write. To each collaborator is given with scrupulous care the credit for his own work, Mr. Wilkins's chapters being carefully marked off from Mr. Vivian's in prefatory notes. In a more important book this would be interesting.

Drawing-room dialogues are, of all things in writing, the most out of reach of English success, it would appear. Yet they are so fascinating an exercise in wit and grace that it is a wonder failure is not dared much oftener than it is in the effort to achieve them. Musset, of course, is the master and model for all writers of them. They are the kind of thing that Mr. Oscar Wilde would do better than he does most of the things he attempts, and his success would be very much better than any other society playwright one can think of.

Mr. Fred M. Simpson has made a laudable effort in this direction in his "Drawing-Room Duologues" (Unwin). They are hardly pointed enough, or graceful enough, to be enjoyed as literature, but some of them read as if they might be amusing to look at and listen to when acted. Mr. Greiffenhagen has illustrated them with his usual skill.

In these run-and-read days knowledge has to be packed, pemmicanlike, in portable form: hence primers of history, science, and aught else. To these will shortly be added one that fills a gap in the list, in the shape of a "Primer of Evolution," which, more or less of an abridgment of his "Story of Creation," Mr. Edward Clodd has prepared. Messrs. Longmans will issue it simultaneously in this country and the United States. Everyone who knows Mr. Clodd's delightful primers, "The Childhood of Religions" and "The Childhood of the World," will be pleased to have yet another.

#### NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the United States at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in Australasia, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

#### TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

# THE ART OF THE DAY.

Pressure on our space, by reason of the more important galleries, has hitherto prevented us from dealing with lesser shows, such as the Nineteenth Century Art Society and the Japanese Gallery. Indeed, it is scarcely worth while to notice with any carefulness the first exhibition, which should at once change its name and try no longer to antic under the mask of modernity. There is scarcely one picture hanging on its walls which can claim any conspicuous share of originality. Of all the canvases here exhibited, perhaps the most interesting is Mr. F. Whitehead's "Poplars at Stoke, Dorset," which, at all events, shows a sense of atmosphere and of the subdued aspect of Nature which painters of an inartistic school too often lose sight of. If we except half-a-dozen or so other canvases, of more or less average merit, the rest must be silence.

The most valuable exhibit at the Japanese Gallery is the large Hobbema, "Landscape, with Water Mill and Trees." For many reasons it is not so fine, so completely beautiful a work as the "Avenue



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"RELIGION NEVER WAS DESIGNED TO MAKE OUR PLEASURE LESS."—WILLIAM STRUTT, R.B.A.



LE SOUPER DE BEAUCAIRE.— J. LECOMTE-DU-NOUY.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

of Trees" in the National Gallery; but it is undoubtedly a superb work, for all that. The sole drawback which it possesses is the dissatisfaction which it inspires, owing to the extraordinary mingling of pure Impressionism and pre-Raphaelite attention to detail, of which it is so strange an example. On the one hand, in the unity, the completeness of vision, the extraordinary simplicity of the large effect, the painter proves himself an Impressionist—in the true sense of the term—almost worthy to rank with Velasquez. Had he been content to paint the glorious scene as it thus filled—to use Sir Joshua's phrase—his "dilated eye," the picture might have been his most triumphant achievement. But having conceived the subject thus broadly, and set it down upon his



MICHAELMAS.—BENJAMIN HAUGHTON. Exhibited at the New Gallery.

canvas, he, as it were, sackened the focus of his sight, and approached near to his subject to hunt out the details of leaves and "little boughs that play with little boughs," never considering that the primary aspect was enough for art, and that this "secondary attention" might worry his conception to death. How true these words are may be proved by a reference to the sky, which, lacking these unfortunate details, is painted with a breadth and a sense of vastness that are wonderfully and solemnly impressive.

There are other canvases hanging in the same gallery, of which the best—and what a best!—that can be said of them, perhaps, is that they are worthy to hang near the Hobbema. Such, for example, is a Ruysdael, which, in its way, proves the fine sense of colour and modelling which this master possessed as inimitably as any other canvas from the brush of the same master. Nor should the enthusiast pass by a gorgeous landscape by Jan von Goyen, which, in its shining qualities and in the massiveness of its handling, no less than in the completeness of its conception, is a perfectly marvellous achievement for one who was almost the founder of a tradition, and was indebted so scantily to any ancestral knowledge.

If there be any, then, who still cling to the great Italian tradition to the exclusion of the Dutch, to whom, for example, the "Madonna degli Ansidei" is a more precious heritage of art than, say, the "Jewish Rabbi" of Rembrandt—the writer is conscious that this great picture gets into this column almost as persistently as King Charles's head into the writings of Mr. Dick—let him take a turn in the Japanese Gallery, and there learn wisdom. We do not wish to alienate such a one from his Michelangelo, his Raffaele, even his Giotto or his Cimabue; but we should be content if he might be persuaded that Mr. Ruskin's views upon, say, the "vulgarity of brown" might be eradicated from his constitution. Something, at all events, would then have been gained.

The crowded condition of the National Gallery on free days is a very interesting and hopeful sign, no doubt; but a careful investigation of the

tastes of the visitors, such as the present writer made the other day, may, perhaps, temper one's enthusiasm a little. You enter, first of all, let us say, the Early English rooms, and Sir Joshua and Gainsborough are more or less deserted; the average visitor passes the "Johnson," or "The Banished Lord," or the "Mrs. Siddons" with a complacent listlessness; the Hogarths are patronised vigorously, chiefly for the thrilling interest of "Marriage à la Mode," and we would venture a heavy wager that, for ninety-nine visitors who slowly pass down the famous series for the sake of the story, only one will take the trouble to turn round to admire the shining little Italian landscape of Wilson that hangs behind the door.

The Claudes and the Turners come in for a larger share of public admiration, but as you pass into the Dutch rooms you are aware of a general hurry on the part of most people to leave them for "something more interesting." We observed that, literally, not one in ten was attracted for more than a passing moment by the beauties of the Hobbema. The large Dutch room suffered no less a disdain. There need never be fear of a crowd round the Rembrandts; Rubens and Van Dyck, the last chiefly for the sake of the "Charles I.," are rather more popular; but the wonderful "Old Woman" and the later "Portrait of the Painter" are passed by even with laughter—laughter that little recognises that it is itself a tribute to the extraordinary skill which can make these canvases so vital, so prodigious, so Titanie in their achievement. The ignorant only laugh at two things—the helpless and the consummate; the first because they understand it, the latter because they don't.

The Italian schools, the Venetian and the Tuscan, gather little crowds. The great, dignified canvases of Veronese, the quiet facility and completeness of Moroni, the reputation of Raffacle, and the colour of Titian do really seem to win the suffrages even of the most ordinary sightseer. The Holbein that stands temporarily in the Ansidei room also seems to attract much attention. Despite the poor modelling of the hands and the flatness of the faces attributed to the Ambassadors, the wonderful skill in the cloth painting and in the details of the room appeal to the commonest eye. But the Velasquez opposite, "Admiral Pulida Pareja," has scarcely an eye for its beauty, triumph of Impressionism though it is.

The primitive schools, Mr. Ruskin will be delighted to hear, appear to be much admired. Botticelli has quite a cult, and Fra Angelico has his little groups, quoting—this is a fact, not fiction—George Eliot, and not in the least understanding her point of view. We come last to the Late British school, and this is, indeed, what makes the heart grow sad and weary. You can scarcely pass for the crowds that throng the second room. Mr. Frith's masterpiece, "The Derby Day," is as popular now as it was on the glorious day when the authorities of the Royal Academy



A COOLING POOL.—H. CAFFIERI, R.I. Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



THE THREE GRACES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



THE DISTANT SHORE.—EDWARD H. FAHEY. Exhibited at the Antwerp Exhibition.

were compelled to protect it with a railing from the multitude that surged round that sacred canvas. This was in the days before railings were prevalent throughout the Royal Academy.

"The Death of Lord Chatham," the complete works of Sir Edwin Landseer, "Hamlet," "James II. Receiving the Tidings of the Landing of the Prince of Orange"—all the anecdotic pictures of these rooms receive vocal or mute tribute to their greatness. We stood by Turner's "Frosty Morning" for many minutes, but not a soul stopped to look at it. Rossetti is treated with clamorous disdain, and the glorious Constables never have any obstacle to their being seen. The Ary Scheffer may claim a few stargagers, but the Cecil

claim a few stargazers, but the Cecil Lawson is rarely patronised, and the Turner room is visited only by a very few, and they steal away as quickly as propriety will allow.

Now, this is a plain, unvarnished tale of a visit to the National Gallery for the express purpose of examining which seem to be the most popular pictures in the eyes of those of whose patronage of art we boast so loudly and so patriotically. Nor are these results set down irrésponsibly, or with any à priori reasoning that, as they were likely, therefore they were true. They were certainly likely; but they are We are not no less certainly true. downcast for the result. People rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, and, if they only visit the National Gallery often enough, they are likely to find that even their pleasure in "The Derby Day" may grow less keen and less powerful, and they may then turn for refreshment and education to canvases in which they will never find any staleness of experience, since their formation rests upon a basis, not of melodrama, but of true art.

Continuing our notes on the Royal Academy, we have to congratulate Mr. S. Melton Fisher, who is a young painter of merit so conspicuous that we delight to welcome him this year with an achievement that is worthy of his brush. His Venetian subjects of two or three years ago

pleased one so emphatically that one began to experience a slight disappointment in the exaggeration which he, by inevitable degrees, imparted to his work. This year he has returned to the quieter and more characteristic style of his earlier days. His colour is admirable, and his sense of character—quick, vital, and humorous—is delightful and gay.

Mr. Bernard Sykes is responsible for the most melodramatic picture of the year, but a picture, nevertheless, which has pretensions to a certain fineness of imagination. He calls it "The Pursuit of Wealth," and the picture depicts a lady of some importance floating in chaos, with many bubbles streaming away from her hands. Through the darkness, and, as it were, from the brink of the world, are stretched many hands, cagerly seeking for the possession of the bubbles. Mr. Sykes treats paint in too smooth and artificial a fashion, and the lighting of the whole is, as we have said, melodramatic. Still, it attracts and arrests the attention.

We have hithertomade no mention of Mr. C. Furse's portrait, "Lord Roberts of Candahar," which is one of the peculiar triumphs in portrait painting of the year. Mr. Furse shows us year by year that he is not only a capable artist, but that he is eminently capable of progress. What is more, his Lord Roberts is not only an admirable piece of work in itself, it is also full of promise. It is noble, and even grand; but it also has a

freshness, a vitality, and a kind of springtide effect about it which cheers one very pleasantly in the arid wildernesses of art.

"Atlas" notices an interesting experience which has befallen Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., who exhibits—and is unique in the feat—at both the Salons at Paris this year. He sent, it seems, four pictures to the Salon du Champ de Mars, which, by some mistake, were delivered at the Champs Elysées. The authorities of this gallery refused to part with the pictures when the mistake was discovered. Finally, they surrendered two of these pictures, which now hang at the Champ de Mars. Mr. Davis has, indeed, tasted a delicate flattery.



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A BATTLE OF FLOWERS.—J. R. WEGUELIN.
Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

# THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



After the race was over, After the day was done, Many a champagne bottle, But empty every one.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



Scene: Corridor of First-class Hotel. Time: Seven a.m.

Mr. Briggs (just come from Yorkshire to give important evidence in a law case, and staying in a hotel for the first time): "Where's t' kitchen!"

ASTONISHED CHAMBERMAID: "What do you want the kitchen for?"

Mr. Briggs: "I want to wash mesen'."





# AT THE CARLTON.

THE COLONEL: "I hear your Governor is mad over this Budget: he tells me he'll have to transfer his property in his lifetime."
DUTIFUL Son: "After all, there is something to be said in favour of the Radical Budget."

# SAVOYARDS ON TOUR.

To most people, perhaps, a Savoyard is a latter-day troubadour, who has replaced the guitar of old by the unmelodious accordion or with the impertinent piano-organ. He is usually pictured as a minstrel who wanders over the face of the earth, pitching his tent nowhere for long. That, at any rate, is the characteristic of the Savoyard who hails from the Strand. Mr. D'Oyly Carte's theatre is his home: it is there he gets his minstrelsy, but he is for ever wandering over the length and breadth



Photo by Karoly, Nottingham.

MR. ROBERT REDFORD.

of the country, singing his songs and dancing his capers. It may be doubted whether anybody has such a large audience in the provinces as Gilbert and Sullivan. Year in and year out, Mr. Carte's companies are on tour with some of the Savoy operas, and they never fail to get an enthusiastic hearing; indeed, in some towns their visit is one of the great events of the theatrical year, drawing forth scores of people who never darken the doors of a theatre at any other time.

At the present moment no fewer than five companies are playing Savoy opera. One company is in New York, while four minister to the different parts of the United Kingdom. Four of the five are appearing in "Utopia"; the other one, known as C Company, which is under the management of Mr. Robert Redford, travels with a répertoire of the

Savoy series.

The other day (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) I had a chat with Mr. Redford, whose experience gives him authority. Since he first joined Mr. Carte the popularity of Gilbert and Sullivan has enormously increased, becoming little short of a cult. Twelve years ago there was but one company on tour, to-day there are no fewer than five. The four companies in this country are distinguished by the letters B, C, D, and E. There is no A Company, probably on the same principle that the evening papers have no first edition. The D Company was formed at the time when Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan ceased to collaborate, and it reproduced in the provinces "The Vicar of Bray" and "Haddon Hall." It is now giving "Utopia" in the best towns. The B and E Companies are smaller numerically than C and D, and visit the secondrate towns, although some of the principals in these are singers of very high merit.

The C (or Répertoire) Company has been playing almost incessantly for fifteen years, one of the principals, Mr. Fred Billington, having been in it all the time, although there have been many other changes. In the early days of this company the principals included Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Cadwalladr, Mr. George Marler, Mr. George Temple, Mr. H. d'Egville, Mr. Walker Marnock, Mr. David Fisher (a capital comedian), and the Misses Laura Clements, Alice Barnett, Ethel McAlpine, Ethel Pierson, Haidee Crofton,

Rose Hervey, &c. At present it numbers, among others, Mr. George Thorne (a member of the well-known theatrical family of that name), Mr. Billington, Mr. Richard Clarke, Miss Margaret Cockburn, and Miss Dorothy Vane, who played the title-part in "Jane Annie" so charmingly at the Savoy last year. Very few actors are so well known to the provincial as Mr. Thorne, who plays the parts created by Mr. Grossmith. He is exceedingly amusing, and one cannot help wondering why he has not been seen at the Savoy. The company is now playing "H.M.S. Pinafore," "Trial by Jury," "Jolanthe," "The Mikado," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Gondoliers," "Patience," and "The Pirates of Penzance." It is an unusually capable combination, giving these operas with quite as much charm as the Savoy company used to do. Indeed, many provincials who have had the opportunity of seeing both prefer the former for all-round excellence and for the admirable way the members, now thoroughly acclimatised to the peculiar nature of Gilbert and Sullivan humour, work together. This company enjoyed the distinction of appearing a year or two ago at Balmoral before the Queen, who had never before seen "The Mikado," which was played on the occasion.

of appearing a year or two ago at Balmoral before the Queen, who had never before seen "The Mikado," which was played on the occasion.

Mr. Redford has had a varied experience as a manager during the past fifteen years. He began with Miss Geneviève Ward, served under Mr. Lingard, and has for long been with Mr. Carte. It was he who took charge of the company which introduced "Ruddigore" to New York about four years ago. The artists included Miss Geraldine Ulmar, Miss Kate Foster, Mr. George Thorne, Mr. Billington, and Mr. Federici; but the Yankees did not care for the opera, and the company returned to England. Mr. Federici was the actor who met with such a tragic death when playing Mephistopheles in "Faust" in Australia. At the end of one performance, and after he had descended the trap amid red fire, he dropped dead from heart disease. Mr. Redford was also general manager of the Royal English Opera House during its lease of life He is married to Miss Esmé Lee, one of Mr. Carte's principal prime donne.

The duties of an acting manager on tour are arduous, involving great responsibility, and, above all things, tact and good temper in dealing with all sorts of people. Mr. Redford represents Mr. Carte in every matter when on tour—checking the nightly return of receipts, remitting the cash to head-quarters, paying salaries and disbursements, and superintending the travelling arrangements. The last duty is no light matter, when it is borne in mind that the C and D Companies always travel sixty persons, with ten tons of dresses and properties. The Carte companies always travel by special train. Every Sunday, with rare exceptions, they are on the rails, making journeys, long or short, from one town or city to another. Mr. Redford does his best to make the



Thoto by H. Baker, Barmingha

MR. GEORGE THORNE AS THE LORD CHANCELLOR IN "IOLANTHE."

of one of the two to

another group, and so all goes smoothly. The fares of all the members of the company are always paid by the management, and a contract is made for the tour, coupons being

supplied in lieu of

Sullivan's operas in all parts gives Mr. Carte

a great advantage over some less fortunate touring parties, who often have their dates

fixed in such a manner that a journey one Sunday from Newcastle to Cardiff is followed on the next by one back to Leeds or Bradford. Mr. Carte can almost dictate his dates to local managers, and thus the circuit is an easy and natural one,

such as Bradford to

to Manchester, Man-

Liverpool

Liverpool,

The great popularof Sir Gilbert

tickets.

Sunday journeys agreeable to his large family of artists, and he has introduced a system by which each compartment has at most only four occupants, each one having a corner seat. He has thus helped to realise for them that "it's none so bad being out upon the road," as Mr. R. G. Legge has it in his delightful "Songs of a Strolling Player." In all the special trains there are three carriages, or fifteen compartments, in which the occupants are grouped by their own mutual selection. Ladies generally prefer the society of ladies, but not always, and, of course, very many members of the company and chorus are married. If, during a tour, it should happen that an unpleasantness has been created between any two members of a compartment party, Mr. Redford arranges for an exchange



Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfust.

MISS MARGARET COCKBURN, PRIMA DONNA "C" COMPANY.

chester to Leeds, and so on. The longest journey ever undertaken in Mr. Redford's experience was from Cork to Cardiff, nearly all the way by sca. The Saturday evening performance at Cork had to be abandoned, and the party left Cork at 10.30 a.m. on Saturday morning, viâ Waterford and Milford Haven, arriving in Cardiff about 9.30 a.m. on Sunday morning. Mr. Carte paid for a good breakfast for everybody and for all the meals on the journey, as he always does. Only two or three of all the sixty escape sea-sickness, as a rule, and some are "very, very ill" indeed. The "Haddon Hall" Company have now a vivid recollection of a terrible sea voyage from Dublin to Holyhead last November, and thence to Birmingham. They were six hours on the water in a fearful hurricane, and most of them remained on deck, getting drenched to the skin. This experience was followed by a six hours' railway journey in wet garments.

One of the longest land journeys was a recent run from Aberdeen—the *Ultima Thule* of stagedom in this country—to Leeds. The company started at half-past ten on Sunday morning, reaching Leeds about eleven the same evening. Mr. Redford relates one very unpleasant travelling experience. During the great rivalry between the Caledonian and the North British Railway Companies, some four years ago, the company left Edinburgh, one Sunday afternoon, expecting to reach Aberdeen at half-past six in the evening. The Caledonian Company declined to run a special train, so Mr. Redford contracted with the North British, which has only running powers over the last part of the line. All went well until Montrose was reached, when the signals were found to be against the train, and a delay took place. The station was closed, and the station-master could not be found. There was nothing for it but to make arrangements for staying the night at Montrose. It was pitch dark—no lamps being lighted on the Scotch "Sawbath" evening. Some of the ladies began to weep, and everything was looking very black, literally and metaphorically. Mr. Redford and the gentlemen members of the company found their way (by striking matches) to one of the local hotels, but here there was room for only a very few people, though, ultimately, sufficient aecommodation was found at other places. There was nothing to eat but a little cold beef and pickles, cooking being apparently tabooed in Montrose on Sunday.

The members of the company generally book their lodgings in each town some weeks, and even months, in advance. The advance agent secures apartments for others, and only rarely is the finding of suitable diggings left until the arrival of the Sunday special. Most lodging-houses—and some are very comfortable—have room for only one or two persons, but that does not matter very much, for actors and actresses are not gregarious in the matter of lodgings, always preferring a place to themselves. The single ladies often travel in pairs, but a leading lady, if unmarried, has her own rooms.

Cricket is cultivated by the gentlemen members of the companies, the C and D Companies especially having good teams. Altogether, the Savoyards on tour are what Mr. Legge would call "a jolly crowd."

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XX.-MR. JOSEPH COWEN AND THE "NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE."

In these days it takes a good deal to surprise the House of Commons, but less than a century ago very few members dared to infringe its customs and observances. Beardless faces and silk hats were once regarded as indispensable offerings at the shrine of Parliamentary custom, and when Mr. Philip Muntz walked up the floor of St. Stephen's with a beard on his face a bomb from the Strangers' Gallery could not have created greater surprise. The Member for Birmingham, however, refused to shave himself, and by-and-by beards began to creep on to the faces and into the House of the faithful Commons. Silk hats, however, reigned in undisputed glory until 1874, when the present editor of the Newcastle Chronicle, Mr. Joseph Cowen, astonished the House by walking to his seat with a wide-brimmed soft hat upon his head. Few men acquired such rapid distinction as Mr. Cowen for brilliant and fervid oratory. When the proposal was made to add "Empress" to the grand old title of "The Queen," the quiet, broad-shouldered, rugged-faced man who represented the Coaly City made a speech that scorched the House with its burning cloquence. It sent a thrill through the country and made the journalist M.P. the hero of the hour.

Parliament lost a remarkable man when Mr. Joseph Cowen quitted St. Stephen's for the peaceful seclusion of Blaydon Hall. Since his retirement his name is seldom mentioned, except in northern circles, where his personality is kept alive by that smart, incisive, go-ahead paper, the Newcastle Daily Chronicle. When, in 1863, Mr. Cowen purchased the paper from Messrs. Lambert, it was struggling on the brink of misfortune. In a very short time Mr. Cowen infused into its anæmic columns his own vigorous, healthy mind, and the circulation jumped up to 20,000 per day. The offices were removed to more extensive buildings, and all the resources of latter-day journalism were pressed into the service of the paper. Newcastle was connected by special wire with the London office, and special trains were chartered to carry the Chronicle into the Durham and Yorkshire towns before the London papers could reach them. When Parliament was in session, the London Letter of the Newcastle Chronicle was inspired and largely written by the editor himself. As soon as the Speaker left the chair, Mr. Cowen used to rush off to his office in the Strand, and dictate to the man at the end of the special wire a brilliant descriptive column of the proceedings of Parliament, with special and authentic information respecting political mysteries that the astutest Lobbyist had failed to obtain.

Mr. Cowen is not only a newspaper proprietor, he is also a colliery owner and a brick manufacturer. From the latter source much of his



MR. JOSEPH COWEN.

great wealth has been acquired. His father, Sir Joseph Cowen, started life as a blacksmith, and finished it as a millionaire. Few men in that corner of industrial England did so much to increase the facilities of profitable enterprise. For his services in this direction he was knighted, and was subsequently elected Member of Parliament for Newcastle, the position which his son—the present Mr. Cowen—afterwards worthily filled.



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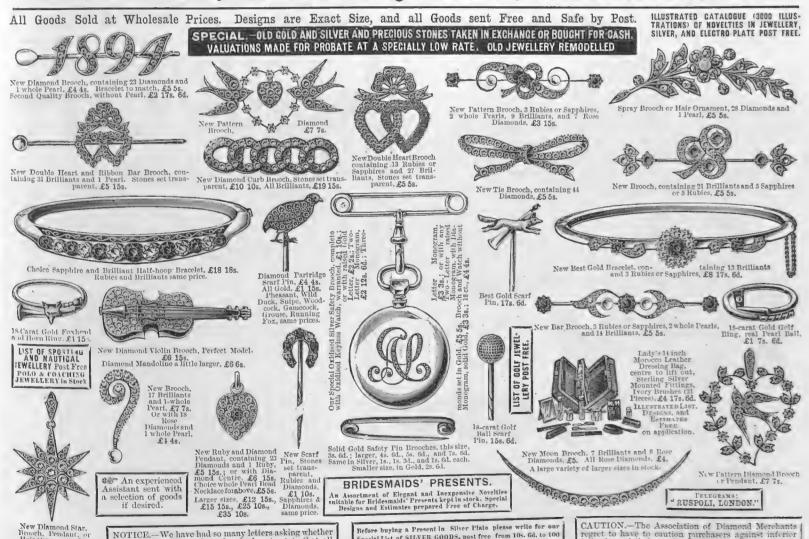
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#### ANTWERP REDIVIVUS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The question, "Where shall we go for a four-days holiday?" was answered the other day by me with the words, "Let's go to Antwerp." So Slater and I packed up our belongings, joined the Great Eastern dining-car at York—we were travelling from the north—dined en route to Harwich, embarked on board the Ipswich about 10 p.m., and awoke next morning about 6.30, as we were careering up the Scheldt. While people are always thinking of "fresh woods and pastures new," and often gathering very little pleasure by the way, I advise them to try the plan of visiting an old familiar haunt now and then. The sense of familiarity is pleasing, not to say convenient. You don't want to consult your Baedeker at every turning. You know exactly where this picture is to

WAITRESS AT THE SAVOY, THE ENGLISH RESTAURANT AT THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

be seen or that pulpit, and you remember where you can have the best dijeuner and the nicest little dinner, without worrying over mistakes in the catering line, which, of course, are always the most serious of all errors, to self and friends included. Slater had never been at Antwerp, so the quaint old city was a kind of Paradise on a mundane scale to him. (Mem.—Next to enjoying yourself, there's nothing like seeing a friend really revel in a holiday.) The city was unchanged. Antwerp never alters. Brussels does wear now and then a different face; not so the city on the Scheldt. The Place Verte is always the same. You sit in front of the Taverne Alsacienne—where, by-the-way, you cannot do better than lunch and dine—and all is the same as it was years ago. The flower-sellers are there, the doggies are resting below the carts, the loafers are unchanged, and even the little boys, after whom Jules, the garçon, is always flying, on account of their raids on the chance sugar-basin left on the tables outside, seem

unaltered. As you sit in the afternoon under the shady canopy and hear the chimes sounding overhead, you have to rub your eyes and ask yourself if really four long years have slipped away since last you lingered under the shadow of the Cathedral here.

I have a plaint against Antwerp, however. What has become of its amusements? True, the Exhibition had not opened when we sojourned there, and what to do of a night was a problem that puzzled and worried Slater and myself. The Scala was closed, the Cirque was being repaired, the Variétés was open spasmodically with plays in French and Flemish, and there were left alone two music-halls, of which the less said the better. Entrée libre to the Palais Indien and its near neighbour, and, of course, the usual set of female harpies, who, not content with the order for the *consommation*, beseech you to supplement your order with a drink apiece for themselves. I suppose this wretched system pays somehow or other, and unlimited books are consumed of a night, while those who like it look on at a performance which for merit would not be tolerated in a third-rate music-hall this side of the North Sea. It was a relief to pop into a nice, quiet little English bar, well managed, and almost next door to the Scala, yelept the St. James, where you could enjoy your coffee, or stronger liquors if you desired them, or revel in real Bass after the unsatisfying bock, and read the latest from London. you want a study of lower life in Antwerp, you should make a round of the "pubs" on the Quai. Slater and I passed for engineers in mufti, I believe—they never gave us any higher rank—when we visited the sailors' haunts at Antwerp. There is always a piano, very much out of tune, and affected with a chronic lack of occasional notes, and there is always a damsel who can play by ear. And there are always two or three other damsels, who, in the intervals of serving bocks and other beers, will take a turn in a waltz with Jack or Tom. The floor is sanded, and Jack goes skating and rinking over it with Marcelle or Mignon, and thinks and rinking over it with Marcelle or Mignon, and thinks he is having a real high old time of it waltzing. Slater and I made a grand tour one night of the "pubs" on the Quai, and of them we may safely say, "Ex uno disce omnes." Life is pretty even, if not dull, at Antwerp for Jack ashore—only, the saving clause of it all is that Jack himself thinks it heavenly. At least, so he told we refer interregrated on the point. me when interrogated on the point.

The Antwerp "Zoo" is one of the best of its kind. The chestnuts were in full bloom when we spent a whole Sunday afternoon there; and such chestnuts—leaves and spikes of flowers' bigger than anything you can see with us. The Sunday band is a big function. All Antwerp attends, and the music is first class. I heard a curious story re the guides who haunt the Cathedral precinets. The story was told me by an Englishman, and I give it for what it is worth. It seems that there are guides and guides. The maurais sujet, however, is a person who lays himself out to take the stranger on a mission of sightseeing in shady places, such as may not be mentioned in ears polite. Then there is a story of robbery and peculation, and it may happen that the thief is convicted. Now comes the interesting part of the story. The convicted guide, counsellor, and friend is allowed to depart out of court after his sentence of imprisonment. All the summer he may be making his honey, and when the dull winter comes, and the tourist has gone home and business is dull, he reappears at the Hôtel de Ville, surrenders himself to the police, and then does his "little bit" in jail, for the reason that he has to get it over, and has nothing better to do in the winter season. This story was confirmed by a highly respectable young female, who had charge of bar nigh to the Cathedral, where Slater and I enjoyed a little consommation. A nice, convenient system of working off arrears of imprisonment! I suppose the convicted one tells the magistrate (in polite language) to "chalk it up" when he intends delaying his penance.

#### OPERA NOTES.

A singer usually has in her album interesting mementoes of famous folks, so I was not surprised to find that Madame Sigrid Arnoldson was no exception to this rule. She treasures many charming autograph compliments from composers whose works she has interpreted to their

Hern Sigrid amoldson, jeg tænker, vi to er enige når jeg siger et vor opgave og vivt for. mål ikke er at fejre triumfer men at adle menneskers sind gennem skönhedsindtrijk og sandheds. tolkning.

"Kristiania, den 30. August 1891. 5 hingivenhed. Henrik Ibsen.

satisfaction and delight. From the late M. Gounod there is an expression, couched his usual graceful language, of esteem for the Swedish songstress, following some notes from "Philémon et Baucis"; and from his compatriot still, happily, with us—M. Ambroise Thomas, there is a still more valuable souvenir. The veteran composer,

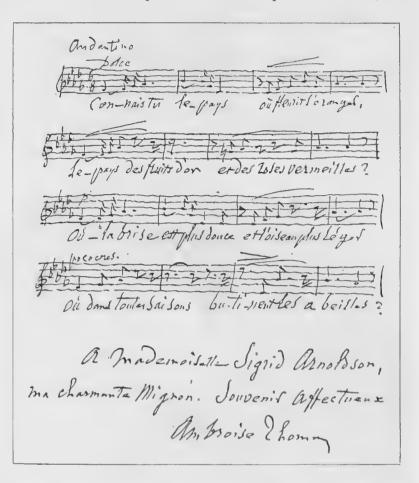
whose opera, "Mignon," was performed for the thousandth time in Paris quite "Mignon," was performed for the thousandth time in Paris quite recently, amid such enthusiastic excitement, has written the famous music of "Connais-tu le pays?" as his autograph contribution, herewith reproduced. M. Massenet's neat, firm handwriting is shown in the brief "Alleluia" from the second act of "Le Cid." Signor Verdi's tiny and somewhat eareless penmanship rather resembles that of his young countryman, Pietro Mascagni, who selects a few bars from "I Rantzau" for his autograph, written in London. M. Léo Delibes sends from Paris a selection from the third act of "Lakmé," inscribing it "A la charmante Lakmé, bien sympathique souvenir." Two distinguished authors, I also noticed, had added to Madame Arnoldson's collection, which is full of pleasant tributes to the charms of this eminent Swedish songstress. M. Alexandre Dumas wrote two verses of poetry, and Henrik Ibsen appended his signature to a compliment written in the "Civil Service" style so familiar to admirers of the great Scandinavian. If handwriting be really a reflection of character, one could deduce from Ibsen's that he is tidy and pedantic, and, withal, painstaking in his work. Not one of the composers seems to write in large style.



Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

MADAME SIGRID ARNOLDSON AS NEDDA IN "PAGLIACCI."

Prince and Princess Christian and the Marquis of Lorne were among the distinguished audience who witnessed the rentrée of Madame Scalchi, an old favourite with the public, who returns to the concert room with undiminished powers and undimmed splendour of voice. The



Queen's Hall was well filled on Monday, the 4th, and the programme was Queen's Hall was well filled on Monday, the 4th, and the programme was exceedingly attractive. The Strolling Players gave Grieg's "Suite d'Orchestre" ("Peer Gynt") with every attention to the delicate shades therein. Madame Albani, in addition to singing "Ah! fors' è lui," and responding to an encore with "Robin Adair," joined with Madame Scalchi in a perfect rendering of "Quis est Homo?" which revived memorics of the two famous vocalists in operas of the past. Signor Campanini—whose name recalls the departed glories of Her Majesty's Theatre—was heard to great advantage in the aria from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," and also in the flower song from "Carmen." Mr. Leo Stern again delighted the

again delighted the audience with ex-cellent 'cello solos, and accompanied Madame Albani in her singing of the familiar Largo, familiar Largo, which is classically known as Handel's song, "Ombra mai fù."

The sisters Ravogli's most charming impersonations are undoubtedly in Gluck's "Orfeo," which never fails to attract and to please. This season they have not appeared very often in the concert room, although their popularity there is quite equal to their reputation in opera.

A season German opera commences on the 19th



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Theatre. Among the works chosen by Sir Augustus Harris for representation are Wagner's "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Lohengrin," Weber's "Der Freischütz," and Beethoven's "Fidelio." The singers selected for this experiment include Frau Klafsky, Weitelein Charleon Bauermeister, Olitzka, Moriez, and Brani; Mdlles. Fridelio." The singers selected for this experiment include Tala Malles. Fridelio. The singers selected for this experiment include Tala Malles. Fridelio." The singers selected for this experiment include Tala Malles. Fridelio." Include Tala Malles. Butte. The Rodemund, Herr Wiegand, and M. Dufriche.

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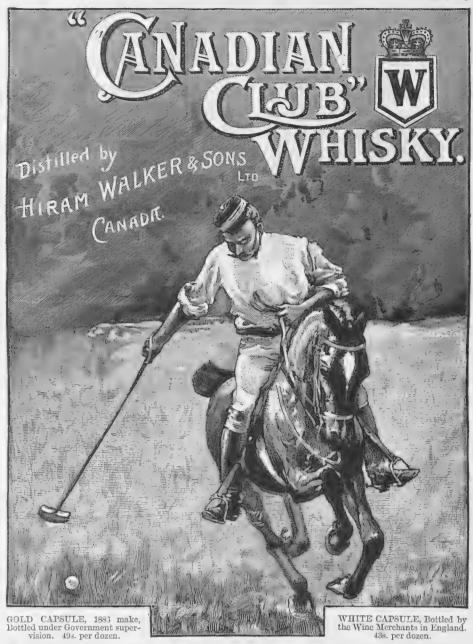
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#### THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

South African cricketers have won a match. This announcement may South African cricketers have won a match. This announcement may be startling, but it is true; nor was it a third-rate county team over which they gained their first victory. It was none other than an eleven of the M.C.C. which the Africans defeated. No doubt, the executive of the M.C.C. thought that the eleven they had got together to play the South Africans would be more than a match for our visitors, especially when the home side included Dr. W. G. Grace, T. C. O'Brien, H. Philipson, and Mead. To be sure, the other names were not much to conjure with;

To-day we publish a group of Yorkshire cricketers well known to all. To-day we publish a group of Yorkshire cricketers well known to all. With the exception of Lord Hawke, who was born in Lincolnshire, on Aug. 16, 1860, the present members of the Yorkshire team were born in the county they now represent. F. S. Jackson was born at Chapel Allerton, Nov. 21, 1870. As everyone knows, he was captain of the Cambridge University last season, and at the present time has no superior as an all-round cricketer in England. E. Smith was born at Morley on Oct. 19, 1869, and has played for Oxford University. Frank Mitchell, the famous Cambridge Freshman, was born at Market

J. B. Wostinholm (Secretary).

E. Smith. Lord Hawke (Captain).

A. Sellars. Ulyett.

Hunter. Wainwright.



Moorhouse.

YORKSHIRE CRICKETERS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE. Mounsey.

but, all the same, it was by no means a weak side, and the Africans

deserve all the eredit they are likely to get over their famous victory.

To-morrow we will once more see the champions at Lord's Ground, where they oppose the M.C.C. On this occasion the home team will, I fancy, prove a horse of another colour as compared with the high-bred article which did duty against the Cape cricketers. It is only a fortnight since Yorkshire visited Lord's Ground before, and on that occasion we saw some sensational cricket. Right through the match the bowlers had it all their own way, and a quarter of an hour from the dreadful close, when Yorkshire had seven wickets down for 48, and had still 27 runs to get to win, it looked slight odds on Middlesex. On Mounsey joining Wainwright, however, this pair knocked off the necessary runs, and won the match for Yorkshire by three wickets. In my opinion Mounsey won the match for Yorkshire. In the first innings, when things were looking their very blackest for the Tykes, Mounsey came in, and by indomitable pluck and good cricket scored 33 (not out). Altogether, he scored 40 runs for his side without once losing his wicket. On the Middlesex side none did better than J. T. Hearne, who not only had the best bowling analysis in the match, but also scored 20 runs without losing his wicket. deserve all the credit they are likely to get over their famous victory.

Weighton in 1872, and is regarded as the most promising young batsman in England. Among the professionals, no one is known better than Robert Peel, who was born on Feb. 12, 1857, and is, therefore, the oldest playing member of the eleven. Edward Wainwright, the other crack bowler, was born on April 8, 1856. J. Tunnicliffe, known as the "Pudsey giant," was born on Aug. 26, 1866. G. H. Hirst, the fast bowler, was born on Sept. 7, 1871. David Hunter, the wicket-keeper, was born on March 23, 1862. Brown, one of the steadiest of bats, was born on Aug. 30, 1869, while Joseph Mounsey was born on Aug. 30, 1871. J. B. Wostinholm is the energetic secretary of the county club.

Surrey will continue their northern tour by playing Lancashire at Manchester to-morrow. Whether at Old Trafford or the Oval, the Surreyites always find Lancashire an exceedingly hard nut to crack. Even though Lancashire have not quite covered themselves with glory in the county championship, they are likely to offer a determined resistance to the ex-champions. By-the-way, Cambridge showed up very poorly against Surrey at the Oval. The bowling of Richardson and Lockwood was much too good for the Light Blues, but the experience which the students gained of the match was not wholly lost. They made a discovery; for instance, when all the regular bowlers failed to do Weighton in 1872, and is regarded as the most promising young batsman

anything with the Surrey batsmen, Frank Mitchell was put on as a forlorn hope. The young Freshman did not fancy himself at all as a trundler, but he met with extraordinary success, and the chances are that Cambridge will not be quite so weak in bowling this season, after all. At the same time, Mr. Mitchell may add to his laurels as a batsman the honours of a capable bowler, and in this way prove a worthy successor to his fellow-collegian and county man, F. S. Jackson.

I must spare a line to congratulate Brockwell, of Surrey, on his exceptionally brilliant batting. He is playing a much steadier and far more correct game than he did two seasons ago, with the result that he is at present leading the batting averages, and it is quite possible that he may remain there for some little time. Abel is also doing exceedingly well with the bat, and, if only W. W. will give us a taste of his old quality, the prospects of Surrey will be very rosy indeed.

Middlesex are due at Brighton to-day, where they meet and ought to

Middlesex are due at Brighton to-day, where they meet and ought to beat Sussex. Alfred Shaw has been of immense service to Sussex in the last few matches. Against his old county, Notts, Shaw obtained seven wickets for 34 runs. This is an extraordinary circumstance in the career of a man who was born in 1842.

#### GOLF.

The Stanmore Golf Club did a very smart and business-like thing in intercepting a number of the best professional golfers on their way to Sandwich and the championship. Unfortunately, Douglas Rolland and Willie Park, who played their long-looked-for match on Saturday, were among the non-entrants; but the presence of W. Auchterlonie, who won the open championship last year, and also J. H. Taylor, who recently beat Rolland over the Princes' Club course, made the little meeting extremely attractive. The winner turned up rather unexpectedly in J. Cuthbert, who is professional to the Stanmore Club. Perhaps the winner had an advantage in knowing the course, but his victory, in face of so many men of greater reputation, is one of much merit. Cuthbert has a particularly graceful style, and his score of 154 must be considered excellent. J. H. Taylor came second with 155, while the open champion could not come nearer than tenth, with a score of 164. The arrangements were excellent.

The famous courseat Hoylake has recently undergone several important alterations, which ought to be known to all golfers. The first five holes remain as they were, but at the sixth hole the tee is placed to the right of the hut, while the green is in the field to the left of the old green. "In front of the tee," says Mr. H. H. Hilton, "a triangular cop runs, while some thirty yards short of the hole there is a cop right across the course. Immediately in front of the hole is a patch of thick brown rushes, so, taking all in all, it can easily be understood that the hole is somewhat difficult of access, particularly against a head wind. The tee to the following hole is on the far side of the green previously mentioned; for some distance in front of the tee thick whin bushes bar the way. By keeping well to the left the hazards may be avoided, but a ball at all topped or sliced is almost sure to find serious trouble. The green, which is placed at the far end of the old football field, can be reached in two with the aid of a following wind, but three is more often the number required by the best of players, and the hole may be called a fair five. The eighth hole requires a clean hit ball to carry the whins in front of the tee, while the green may be reached in two with an equally good second; but, unless a good lie is obtained, it is safer to keep to the right, clear of the whins which guard the green, as, if done in five, the player may rest well satisfied. The drive to the ninth is extremely narrow, being guarded on both sides by ditches, while in front of the tee two cops have to be carried. The hole can be reached in two, but as it at present stands is more than a four hole. The tenth hole is placed in a hollow, short of the 'Punchbowl.' A drive and short iron should reach the green, the hole being a fair four. The remainder of the holes are much as usual, with the exception that the eleventh hole is placed on the old Meols Green, between the 'cop' and the 'briars' hole on the way out. Taking all in all, the gree

#### CYCLING.

On the heels of the championship meeting at Birmingham, Mr. Hillier, the secretary of the London County Club, has arranged an interesting card of open events at Herne Hill. The programme will include a one-mile invitation scratch cycle race, half-mile cycle handicap, 100-yards and 300-yards sprint handicaps, one-mile flat handicap, 10-mile limited scratch paced race, and a 120-yards members' lacrosse race. On the same day, the Scottish gathering of wheelmen and sprinters comes off at Stamford Bridge, while at Edinburgh the 10-mile Scottish C. U. Championship will be decided.

The Scotch Gathering at the Stamford Bridge Grounds on Saturday will remind the Scot of his native heather, besides amusing his Lowland neighbour. As usual, there will be competitions for pipe music, dancing, tossing the caber, and all those other games which are the delight of the Scot. Like Gilpin, I shall be there to sec.

OLYMPIAN.

In the busy, bustling Strand there are none too many resorts for the hungry, so that one may safely prophesy success for the Temple Bar Restaurant, which opened its doors last week. Its situation is in useful proximity to the Law Courts and Fleet Street, and the interior arrangements and decorations are admirable. The cuisine would satisfy even the experienced palate of a gournet.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I had a good look at Ladas the other day, and I think he will remain sound—at least, until after the St. Leger has been run—and there is no reason at present why he should not win the Triple Crown. I am told that John Watts has already been engaged to ride the horse at Doneaster, and this fact in itself is sufficient to reassure those who backed the colt for the triple event, as many have done. Ladas, I may add, has never yet been pushed in any race in which he has run.

The prospects for Ascot are of the brightest. I hear the course is capital going, and owners will have nothing to complain of on that score this year. Major Clements has devoted his attention to the turf throughout the winter, with the result that the herbage is now thick and strong. The stands have been re-painted, and some useful structural alterations are under way. I believe a pneumatic tube for telegraph messages is being laid between the paddock and the post-office.

It is expected in some quarters that Theseus will win the Ascot Stakes, and the victory would be a popular one, as the Duke of Devonshire has been a good patron of sport for many years; but his luck has been bad of late—in fact, even since the death of the Earl of Westmorland, who acted as Master of the Horse to his Grace when he raced as the Marquis of Hartington.

The Royal Hunt Cup will, I expect, produce the most exciting contest of the Ascot Meeting, and already a large amount of speculation has taken place over the event. I am told that in well-inspired circles it is expected that Mr. Fulton, who trains in Lewis's stable, is likely to win with either Comedy or Laodamia. When the followers of this stable put their money down, they gradually pick it up again, and I shall not be at all surprised if the Cup goes to them this year.

The subject of my sketch this week, Mr. W. E. Bradley, is known to every racegoer, and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that he has been connected with the Turf for upwards of thirty years. To the



Photo by Slater, Mostyn Street, Llandudno.

MR. W. E. BRADLEY.

reading, public his signature is as familiar as the flowers of spring, and Judex's Opinion is always worth having. Mr. Bradley will ever be remembered as the initiator of that method of direct communication between the racecourse and the readers of sporting newspapers which now forms such an important feature of our journalistic system. Like the great majority of successful journalists, he was brought up to something other than newspaper work, and at a very early age found employment in the offices of a calico-printer. Somewhere about that period was chanted in the highways and byways of England a song which told a harrowing tale of feminine infidelity,

and finished by asseverating that "One fine day she bolted away with a calico-printer's clerk." Whether this induced Mr. Bradley to seek a calling associated with a higher moral tone, I know not, but it is certain that soon after he was found to be printing paper instead of calico in the office of the *Manchester Guardian*, and it was he who "composed" for that journal the contents-bill announcing the fall of Schastopol.

Employed in the same office was Mr. Thomas Lawley, the present well-known judge, and this enterprising pair started the paper known as *Judex's Opinion*, remaining in partnership until Mr. Lawley became a racing official.

Our friend also made a large book—sometimes running into many thousands upon such a race as the Derby—one of his agents being Mr. Webster, now so well known as a Continental layer and the founder of starting-price betting. After a while, Mr. Bradley recommended the proprietor of the Sporting Chronicle to allow him to act as travelling correspondent for that paper, and this was agreed to. The novelty caught on, the sale of the paper went up by leaps and bounds, and this work he has performed, with the slightest amount of intermission, for about fifteen years. Many other papers have received contributions from his rapid pen, and so extensive is the business of newspaper supply that Mr. Bradley now finds plenty of work for his son, who accompanies him in his peregrinations, and exhibits to a marked degree that intelligence and capacity for active labour which contributed so largely towards the well-deserved success of the gentleman whose portrait appears above.

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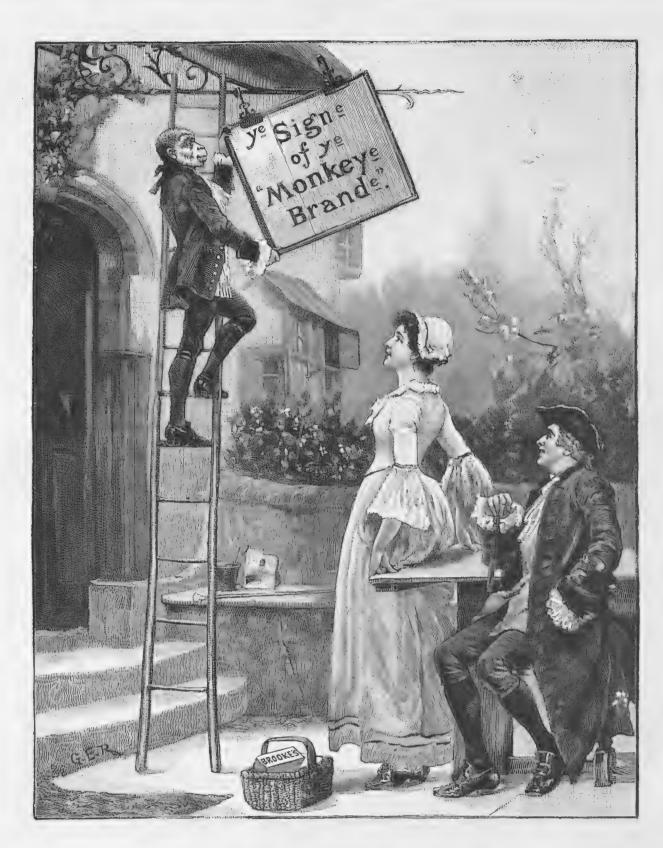
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#### PARLIAMENT.

#### BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The House's nose, if I may say so, has been regularly kept at the grindstone, in the shape of the Finance Bill, this week. Many of its points are gradually becoming understood—at any rate, by the lawyers. But the prospect for laymen who will come under the new Budget taxes when it becomes law is depressing in the extreme. If every lawyer fights about the meaning of the Bill while it is yet being considered in the House of Commons, what will not the lawyers do when they come to fight it out in the Courts of Justice? Respectful as I may be—I am a barrister myself—towards the legal profession, I do not see what is to prevent them, to say the least of it, from making exceedingly good cases for whichever side they are on, and, therefore, earning very good fees, whenever a trial of the "Commissioners for the Estate Duty versus the Executors of John Row, Esquire, deceased," may come on for argument in the Chancery Division. As for any layman understanding the Bill himself, it is positively out of the question. If the Bill passes, it will take several leading cases in the Law Courts to decide what interpretation her Majesty's judges may give to the different points in dispute, and after that has been more or less settled there will be more legal and Parliamentary work to do in the passing of amending Acts.

#### AN IMPORTANT RESISTANCE.

Meanwhile, if the British public does not understand the new taxation, our own Colonies do. The protests that are being made by the Agents-General on behalf of their respective Colonies against the death duties are exceedingly important, although Sir William Harcourt has refused to have anything to say to them. For, apart from their intrinsic importance, the British public will be forced to wake up when it finds the Colonial public so very much alive to what is happening. The death duties, I must explain, are to be levied on the whole of a man's property at death, whether passing by will or settled, if he is domiciled or leaves property at all in Great Britain. This means that a wealthy Victorian's estate will be taxed, not only on his British property if he has any, but also on what he has in Australia, notwithstanding any taxes raised on it over there in addition. No wonder the Colonials cry out. They have a very palpable grievance, and I am much mistaken if the Chancellor of the Exchequer will not be compelled to draw in his horns somewhat.

#### ONE USEFUL BILL PASSED.

After all, the Cruelty to Children Bill is through. It was taken on Derby Day, when Ladas had won and everybody was happy, and, though Dr. Tanner looked like raising an objection, Mr. Sexton was wise enough to exert a little authority and restrain his more rampageous colleagues. Little has been heard of Mr. Sexton lately; but he is wisely lying low during the Irish crisis, and only coming to the front when he thinks that a threat of resignation will cool the ardour of his more fiery companions. Windbag Sexton actually lost all his talkativeness? Yes; strange as it may seem, so it is. It would have been too much, however, if the Children's Bill had been blocked persistently by members from Ireland, whence have come some of the worst cases of cruelty lately. Mr. Waugh must be congratulated on getting his Bill through so successfully, and Sir Richard Webster on his skilful piloting of it. Of Mr. Hopwood nothing was heard at the end, but on an earlier day he had enjoyed blocking the Bill once more, and so postponing it to later in the week. I shall be interested in seeing whether Mr. Hopwood ever has to try any case under the new Act in his capacity of Recorder of Liverpool. There is something rather anomalous in a judge resisting legislation which he is bound ultimately to administer. But good taste, or even ctiquette, never for a single moment stands in the way of your genuine faddist.

#### AN UNEQUAL DUEL.

One of the most amusing things during the Budget discussions is to see how the Chancellor of the Exchequer treats Mr. T. G. Bowles. "Tommy" Bowles is a man whom the Ministerial papers are contented to treat as a pure obstructionist and a man of no importance, and Sir William Harcourt does his best to make "copy" for his supporters by treating him likewise. But Mr. Bowles, though it suits the convenience of some people to look on him as a sort of farcical wasp, is one of the shrewdest business men in the House and one of the cleverest speakers. Journalists, if anybody, ought to know that, for Mr. Bowles has had a long and successful experience of conducting journalistic businesses. He seems to be particularly in his element on this Finance Bill, and has certainly made himself a good deal better acquainted with it than most of his critics. This is not to be wondered at, either, for he has known Revenue work from the inside of the Civil Service. If he occasionally presses his points with pertinacity, they are good points, and the lawyers find their unprofessional colleague as sharp as any of them in detecting the weak points in the Bill. Mr. Bowles also has a sharp tongue, and when he collides with the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the latter more famous for his prepared than for his real impromptus—it is not the heavy ironclad which comes off best generally, but the rapidly-moving torpedo-boat. Speaking one day last week, Mr. Bowles gave an instance of settlements existing in some families which the family themselves were unaware of. "In what class of society?" sneered the Chancellor, rather rudely. "In the class to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself belongs," was the tart reply. It is an altogether unequal duel; but Sir William provokes it.

#### PARLIAMENT.

#### BY "A RASH RADICAL."

I am afraid that the House of Commons has been much less interested in the discussion on the Budget than in the victory of Ladas—in fact, the chief subject of gossip has been, not what the Government policy is, or ought to be, but whether the victory of Lord Rosebery's horse is to increase or diminish Liberal chances at the General Election. For my part, I rather doubt whether the tremendous ovation which greeted Lord Rosebery—a wonderful ovation, which, I believe, is without precedent in the whole history of racing—when his splendid horse galloped in a winner is quite the thing to help Liberals in the country. No doubt, it increases the popularity of the Premier with a non-voting class, who take only a casual interest in politics; but Tory sportsmen are not going to vote Liberal because the Premier's horse won the Derby. On the other hand, that troublesome and somewhat intermittent organ, the "Nonconformist conscience," is exercising itself greatly over the matter. The intolerance of men like Mr. Price Hughes finds, of course, very little echo in the House of Commons, which, with all its faults, is not, as a rule, disposed to be censorious or selfrighteous. Moreover, it is a little difficult to see why the Dissenters, who have suddenly discovered that Lord Rosebery is a racing man and that a racing Premier should not be supported, did not come to all these conclusions before the Derby was run. However, I do not know that the movement will assume very large dimensions. It is possible that remonstrances may be addressed to the Premier, and that he may be selved to ratio from the Turf. For my part I do not think that he be asked to retire from the Turf. For my part, I do not think that he will do anything of the kind. He is fond of his stable, and he has always run his horses in a straight fashion, and if he is to be forced from public life simply because he ministers to the pleasure of a great many of his countrymen I do not think that he will be the person to regret it. He is fond of his books, of his home, of his horses, and he will cheerfully go if the "Nonconformist conscience" becomes too oppressive. But I do not fancy that anything of the kind will ensue.

#### THE ADJOURNMENT FOR THE DERBY.

The motion for the adjournment for the Derby was discussed in a very full House in a very amusing way. The mover of it was Mr. Maclure, the jolly, white-haired giant, who is a kind of schoolboy at large to the House of Commons. High Tory, railway director, churchwarden, and jester-in-chief to the Lobby, Mr. Maclure is one of the few characters left to this very featureless and commonplace Parliament. The result was that every sentence in his little speech was received with uproarious cheering, largely from the Irish quarter, where Mr. Maclure has relations of the friendliest character. Indeed, it is on record that he offered on one occasion to be Speaker to the Irish Parliament in consideration of a salary of £2000 a-year, which he advanced to £2500 after the fracas in the House of Commons, on account of the physical peril involved. Mr. Maclure was succeeded by Mr. Chaplin, who made, for so heavy a speaker, a very amusing speech. The best bit in the oration was the suggestion that Sir William Harcourt should join Lord Rosebery in leading Ladas to the weighing-room after the race. As it is generally supposed that Sir William and Lord Rosebery are not on the most deeply affectionate terms, the House found a good deal of amusement in the suggestion. Sir William's reply was in a sterner though still friendly vein. He hinted that, though the House of Commons had no time to go to the Derby, the Lords spiritual and temporal made up the deficiency. The motion was, of course, not carried, though I remember the time when it was sure of an easy victory.

#### THE LANDLORD-LAWYER LEAGUE.

As for the debates on the Budget, they are becoming simply insufferable. They are divided between two classes of critics, the Tory landlords and the Tory lawyers. There they sit, cheek by jowl, and when one frivolous and impossible amendment is done with up pops another of the same character. The lawyers weave nice nisi prius arguments as to the technicalities of the estate duties; the landlords paint the loss of their own suffering class. The fact is that these latter are seriously alarmed; the Duke of Devonshire goes about bewailing the near approach of the Social Revolution, and Mr. Balfour paints with perfect sincerity for so cynical and introspective a gentleman the miseries of the struggling citizens who only have £10,000 a-year and settled estate to leave behind them. All the broader facts of the situation are left out of account while this discreditable and selfish combination of a privileged class goes on. The end is inevitable; the Budget cannot, at the present rate of progress, pass for the next couple of months, and this practically destroys all hope even of a fairly full session. I think, however, that in any case it will pass, though the Liberal brewers are again in revolt, and young Mr. Hoare, who has, at least, the reputation of being a go-ahead Radical on social questions, has announced his intention to prefer his trade interest to his political creed and go against the beer and whisky duties. As the Parnellites will also go hostile, the majority may creep down to ten or a little under, but I think that is the minimum majority which the Government is likely to acquire. On the whole, they are doing extremely well, and Sir William Harcourt's fight for his great scheme has undoubtedly given him a much strengthened hold on his party. Now and then, perhaps, he is a little too apt to lose his temper, and he and Mr. Balfour are sure before the evening is out to have one or two spitfire encounters, which, at all events, have the merit of livening up the deadly dull battles of the lawyers. But he is sho

#### LADIES' PAGES. OUR

#### FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

As far as I can see, judging by present signs and tokens, there will come a time when our hats and bonnets will be transformed into miniature kitchen gardens, and when strawberries and gooseberries, greengages and crab-apples, lettuce-leaves and asparagus tops—or, at least, their counterfeit presentments—will bedeek our millinery and blazon forth the cause of realism. Already we have arrived at red and white currants, blackberries and cherries—these last being certainly very pretty—to say nothing of watercress; so, surely, this is but the beginning of the end, and the cry and clamour for something new will, sooner or later, necessitate the adoption of these extreme measures. Personally, I must say that I think the millinery for the present season is more than inclined towards exaggeration, in some cases so much so as to overstep the limits of good taste, and certainly of prettiness, and this being the case, it was refreshing to find that my old favourite, Mrs. Farey, of 231, Regent Street, had not become one of the offenders, but was showing any number of hats and bonnets which, though delightfully smart, were not in the least extreme.

Take, for instance, one lovely hat, large enough to be shady, which was composed of pale tan fancy straw, the brim having an insertion band of cream guipure, and the trimming consisting of a long, narrow bow of black lace, caught with sundry diamond pins, and a loose spray of the most wonderfully natural roses, ranging from the deepest, richest

burnt straw, a band of delicate green velvet encircling the crown, while in front there was a long loop bow, the right side being of the green velvet, and the left side of salmon-pink velvet, two parrot wings in various velvet, and the left side of salmon-pink velvet, two parrot wings in various cleverly-contrasting, yet harmonising, shades rising from the centre. Then, if you want to expend 15s. 9d. wisely and well, you cannot do better than see a simple but pretty boat-shaped hat of cream straw, bound and trimmed with white silk ribbon, tied at the left side in a large bow, in which nestled two small white wings. But at this rate I shall never get to the sketches, which should have claimed my attention before; so let me make up for my negligence by informing you forthwith that one hat—to which I can with perfect justice add the adjective "lovely"—has a quaintly-shaped crown of pale pink straw, slit up the back to admit a large bow of black moiré ribbon, the trimming being entirely composed of fine black lace, caught up from the face in front to show two blush-pink roses nestling on the hair, two more being placed at each side at the roses nestling on the hair, two more being placed at each side at the back. If you like this hat as much as I did, you will be glad to hear it is only twenty-five shillings. The second hat—which I consider a wonderful bargain for a guinea—is of deep cream Panama straw, with a becomingly-curved brim and a cloven crown, surrounded by a band of black velves, which forms a how at the back. At the left side there are black velvet, which forms a bow at the back. At the left side there are two fan shaped bows of fine white lace, caught in the centre with a diamond buckle. Last, but by no means least, there is a dainty new bow for the hair and a neckband to match, carried out in velvet of any desired colour, and finished off respectively with brilliant pins and circlet's and a brilliant buckle, the two complete being only 9s. 9d. Pretty little



crimson to the palest pink, the half-open buds and the tender green leaves being all faithful copies of Mother Nature, who must be getting surprised, and, may be, somewhat disgusted, at the way in which art is bringing out apparent fac-similes of her exclusive productions. But to return to our hat, which was the original cause of this digression: it was finished with a bandeau of black velvet, a spray of ivy-leaves resting on the hair at the side, and one pink rosebud nestling at the back. If you want to know the price, it was 35s. 9d.; and if you happen to be in an economical mood and require something cheaper, I can recommend to your notice a most desirable hat at 21s. 9d., which had a crown of deep golden-yellow loop straw and a brim of drawn black net, bordered with a full ruche, the crown being surrounded by folds of green tulle caught in at intervals with jet ornaments, while at the left side of the brim was laid a cluster of the red roses which are the symbol of Love. Drawn black net also formed the brim of another hat, but in this case it was lined with cream guipure and bordered with jet sequins. The crown, which was bent and twisted in fantastic fashion, was of fancy black straw; while two small and brightly-plumaged parrots were poised on the brim in what would have been tantalisingly close proximity-had they been alive-to a bunch of the most tempting cherries, which formed the trimming in front. This hat was certainly somewhat daring, but the black background allowed for some bright colouring being introduced by way of trimming.

A combination of pink straw with pink roses and black net bordered with white guipure formed another very successful hat; while I fell hopelessly in love with a smart chip hat in a pale shade of tan, the low crown surrounded with a wreath of ivy-leaves and berries, a chou of black silk ribbon being placed at each side in front with a black aigrette in the centre. Twenty-five shillings was the price, and for another ten shillings you can get a glorified sailor hat of deep cream-coloured fancy straw, two rosettes of black ribbon being placed at the back with a spray of ivy-leaves underneath, the front being adorned at each side with two black jetted quills, which rise from a rosette of green tulle. That sounds smart, does it not? but it looks even smarter; and the same remark applies to another sailor hat—only twenty-five shillings—of open-work

trifles such as these form such an important part of our adornment and beautification that I thought you would most certainly be glad to hear of this novelty

But while I have been discoursing at length on the frivolities of millinery there are weightier matters to discuss, for is not every other person of our acquaintance or our kin hastening, with all possible speed, to put his or her head into the noose of matrimony, now that the tabooed month of May is safely over, and are not our hearts growing heavy and our purses light by reason thereof? There is no one in a position to deny this, I am sure; so I want to help you with sage advice in the matter of choosing the inevitable wedding presents, and if some of the things I tell you of are so fascinating that you want them for yourselfwell, so much the better, and the only thing that remains for you to do is to draw the attention of fiance or husband to the said articles and await results. Their steps must first be gently directed towards 134, Regent Street, for it was at Messrs. Wilson and Gill's well-known premises that I discovered all the lovely things of which I am going to tell you, as, after stopping in front of their windows—which are always a centre of attraction—I felt absolutely compelled to go inside and see more of the treasures, of which only a foretaste could be gleaned outside. And first I will ask you what woman, be she bride-elect or matron, could possibly help breaking the Tenth Commandment when such an exquisite hair-comb met her gaze as the one I have had sketched for you, and which, while being quite a novelty, is wonderfully effective and beautiful? The comb itself is of tortoise-shell, and the lace bow at the top is exquisitely carried out in very fine diamonds, the delicate, lace-like lightness of appearance being secured to perfection, while it is finished and connected by a ribbon true-lovers' knot, composed of the same flashing stones. This bow can be detached at will, and worn on the corsage—in fact, most of the modern jewellery is arranged on this useful principle, which allows feminine changeability full scope. For a bridegroom's present to his bride, this lovely thing is particularly suitable, and I commend it to all who are blessed with a goodly portion of this world's goods. For others whose means do not allow them to aspire so high, I have had some charmingly-pretty and

[Continued on page 889.

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#### SOOTHES AND HEALS ALL IRRITATION,

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Elegant Gown in Moiré Chine Glace Silk, Opal-Tinted Ground with White Satin Stripe, trimmed with Ecru Lace appliquéd on White Satin, and Green Velvet Bands. Price, complete, 10 Guineas.

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For INFANTS and INVALIDS.



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" April 2nd, 1894. "Mr. Mellin,

"Mr. Melin,
"Sir,— I send you herewith photo
of our little girl, Gladys Eveline, aged
twenty months, who, since she was three
months old, has been brought up on your
Food. Prior to this time we had tried
many other foods without success, but
none suited her until we tried yours.
She has indeed thriven wonderfully since,
and is a healthy a child a consequely and is as healthy a child as one could

"Yours faithfully,

"A. M. HODGES."

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DIGESTIVE. NOURISHING. SUSTAINING.

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LONG FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

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See Medical Opinions.

#### 

(NOT A SOAP)

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Softens Hard Water to the Skin.

PROMOTES HEALTH, ACTIVITY, & VIGOUR.

The following are some of the Medical Opinions as to the use of Cosmosine.

The following are some of the Medical Opinions as to the use of Cosmosine.

Dr. James Startin, 15, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W., Senior Surgeon to the London Skin Hospital, late Honorary Surgeon and Lecturer, St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Author of "Lectures on Baths and Bathing," &c., &c., writes: ""Cosmosine,' a preparation lately introduced by an eminent analytical chemist, I find to be a refreshing and pleasant antiseptic for the bath and toilet purposes. It has the property of softening hard water, and is soothing to the skin when chapped and sunburnt This preparation is beneficial for external use on the skin."

M.D., C.M. Glasgow, writes: "I have had an opportunity of using 'Cosmosine,' and find it to be a most valuable preparation for use in the bath and wash-hand basin. It softens the water, is soothing and refreshing, and leaves a pleasant glow and soft feeling on the skin. Where larger quantities are used than those prescribed on the Directions, no fear need be felt of any injurious action. It contains nothing poisonous or injurious. From its antiseptic and disinfectant, as well as invigorating and refreshing properties in the bath and washbasin, it is in every way suitable and desirable for general use in the bath room and bed room, as well as in hospitals, public lavatories, baths, and schools."

#### And for the TOILET-WATER.

28. 6d. PER BOX, OF ALL CHEMISTS, OR DIRECT FROM THE COSMOSINE CO., 44, Granby Row, Manchester. Six Boxes, carriage free, in Case, direct on receipt of Postal Order for 15s.

moderately-priced brooches sketched, and also a dainty new bracelet, which is one of the prettiest novelties of the season. It is set on each side with five beautiful pearls, and fastens in the centre over a large diamond, the whole effect being very light and pretty. The price, too, is surprisingly moderate—only £6 10s. As for the brooches, the gracefully-designed gold bow with one pearl in the centre (the price



being four pounds) will commend itself to almost everyone; another, with three golden clover-leaves, each one set with a pearl, being equally nice, and cheaper still, for it is sold at three pounds. It is a pretty idea to have a gold brooch in the form of a crescent, a shamrock-leaf formed of turquoises set with pearls having apparently been dropped upon it in the centre, and this pretty thing is well worth £3 5s.; while for those who want something a little out of the ordinary there is the gold Egyptian brooch which represents the

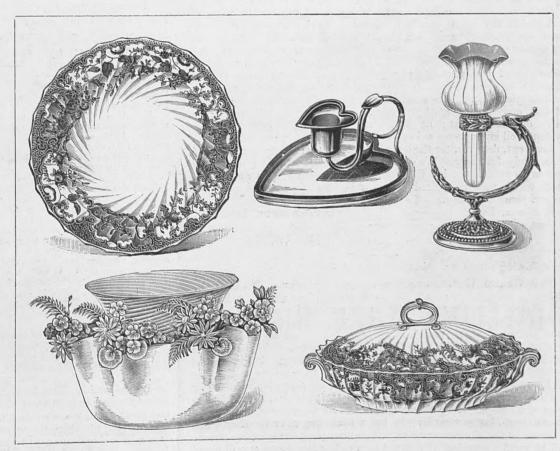
goddess Isis, which is very cheap at £2 17s.
Who need be without a pretty brooch when there are such charming ones to be obtained at such a small cost? And these are by no means all, for, though I have come to the end of my sketches, I still have to tell you of a little gold bar brooch, on which a diminutive pig, composed of the precious metal, is lost in contemplation of a pearl turnip, pig and turnip and all being only £2 10s., a cleverly-executed golden eagle looking grand enough to be worth ten shillings more than the humble pig. More poetically pretty was a gold bar brooch, adorned with a three-leaved chrysoprase shamrock, a diamond sparkling on each leaf—this was £6 10s. But I think you have had enough brooches, and would like to hear of a daintily lovely gold necklet, from which depended in front any number of little balls, composed of closely-clustering seed pearls, a pendent red enamel heart, with a diamond in the centre, giving a pretty finish. This, I found, was ten pounds; and then I promptly lost my heart to a pearl necklet, arranged in front in festoons, which were caught up with wee turquoise forget-menots, the centres being formed by small diamonds. It was really most beautiful, and be sure you ask Mr. Gill to show it to you; and here I may mention that the heads of this firm give their personal supervision to everything, and are present in person to see and consult with their clients, Mr. Gill taking charge of the jewellery and Mr. Wilson of the plate. The advantage of such an arrangement needs no comment. A new silver card-case, shaped to fit into the waistcoat pocket—in reality, a miniature wallet—is well worth 17s. 6d., and, of course, there are pins of any and every kind at all prices; so, you see, whatever your estate, your sex, or your age, Messrs. Wilson and Gill have something to suit you if you will only give them a chance of doing so by following in my footsteps to 134, Regent Street.

#### SOME BEAUTIFUL NOVELTIES.

Have you ever been inside Messrs. F. and C. Osler's, at 100, Oxford Street? If not, the sooner you do so the better—that is, if you share the common weakness for beautiful things, for it is in very truth a very Temple of Beauty. Truly, Messrs. Osler deserve our thanks for letting us feast our eyes with such a sight, and, certainly, the sight of all this beauty and grandeur is calculated to make one feel that the purse of anyone who is wishful of carrying away some of the lovely things must be both wide and deep. That is what I thought at first, and then I found out my mistake, and was so pleased thereat that I want to reassure you also. Look, then, first at the sketch of the dainty new flower and finger bowl, which is Messrs. Osler's latest production. It is a charmingly-pretty and graceful idea perfectly carried out, and the flowers, nestling in the little pockets formed by the outside bowl, transform an ordinarily not very ornamental object into a veritable thing of beauty, which looks lovely in white or chrysoprase-tinted glass, and also in rosy-red. These bowls range in price from fifty shillings a dozen; so, as they are so inexpensive, I expect that there will be an enormous demand for them, for the art of making the dinner table beautiful is one which claims more devotees every day. The pretty little flower-vase—which is another successful aid to table decoration—is of the daintilytinted chrysoprase glass, the quaintly graceful stand being of gilt metal-work. I will whisper to you confidentially that these vases are only 6s. 6d., feeling sure that it will be an additional recommendation, and pass on to give some very special words of praise to a charming dinner service in a new pattern—or, rather, an old one revived. You will get a better idea of it from the illustrations than I can give you in words, but it looks beautiful in blue, white, and gold, and is altogether so fascinating that, for your own sakes, I specially ask anyone who is engaged in the enthralling occupation of furnishing, or is adding to their stock of household gods, to see this special service at once. The remaining illustration is another example of how commonplace articles can be transformed and beautified, for this particular candlestick, carrying out the heart design so prettily in every detail, and composed of glass and solid silver, is as pretty a thing to look upon as could be desired, and it is only forty-five shillings? Then there are vases in the loveliest Wedgwood-blue, with an all-over design of roses and touches of gold: of every shape and kind, they look as if they should cost pounds, and yet you can get quite a large and handsome one for thirty shillings, and the dearest wee fern-pots for five shillings.

I have just discovered that clever Madame Yorke, of 51, Conduit Street, is making a special show this week of lovely hats and bonnets for Ascot. You should by no means miss it if you want to appear at this most fashionable of gatherings in something uniquely smart in the way of headgear.

FLORENCE.



SOME BEAUTIFUL NOVELTIES.

#### NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

" All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR, Capel Court, June 9, 1894.

Dear Sir,—

Capel Court, June 9, 1894.

Derby Week has passed off with a general dulness of business on the Stock Exchange, and a great tendency to take a holiday on the part of the members. For want of something better to do, we have been amusing ourselves with various athletic sports inside the House, and tugs-of-war have become quite fashionable. At present the dealers in the American markets are the champion team, but we hear of all sorts of combinetions decisions to two conclusions with the Vankee division and combinations desiring to try conclusions with the Yankee division, and we are looking forward with interest to the next match.

A glance at the following table will show you the abnormal condition of the money market, and the extraordinary strength of the Bank of

England-

	Week Ending	Week Ending	Week Ending
	June 6, 1894.	June 7, 1893.	June 8, 1892.
Other Deposits	£32,525,014	£30,089,388	£29,241,476
Coin and Bullion	£37,060,590	£28,485,423	£26,091,337
Reserve to Liabilities	69.72 per cent.	46.5 per cent.	44.5 per cent

We fully expect to see the absurd figure of £40,000,000 touched by the "Coin and Bullion," because, between bad trade, American stagnation, and a complete absence of the speculative spirit, we do not understand what the public will do with its accumulations. There never was such an opportunity for placing really fine 31 and 4 per cent. debentures and Colonial securities, and, whatever we may think of the morality of the Turkish Conversion Loan, we cannot help admiring the master-hand

which has known how to seize the opportunity.

In the Foreign market, Argentine Funding and Waterworks Loans In the Foreign market, Argentine Funding and Waterworks Loans have been in request upon the reported break-up of the gold "riggers," while there has been good buying of Turks, Portuguese, and Uruguays. We are inclined to recommend Little Turks to your notice, especially the B and C series, for we bought you good blocks of these about a year ago, and you could afford to take a few more. There is talk of

an Italian conversion, but it will not, for the present, go beyond the internal holders, and we expect the Five per Cents. should be bought.

The Yankee position has not changed much since we last wrote to you, dear Sir. It is probable that the Atchison share assessment will be 12 dollars instead of 10 dollars; but this will be better for the bondholders, and, as very few shares are held on this side, there is not much need to concern ourselves with the question. For the last day or so more cheerful views have prevailed as to the general position; but there is so much profit-snatching about that the smallest improvement brings a crop of sales.

We hear that the Huggins Brewery, the debentures of which we recommended to you last week, was subscribed ten times over, and the Tadcaster issue, which is to close next Wednesday, has been freely dealt in at 4 to 5 premium, although we have seen no sign of the market being supported. It is probable there will be a great scramble for the Lagunas Nitrate Company's shares as soon as the details are made public. The capital, we understand, is to be £900,000, and the public issue is expected to be made at the end of next week, or a few days later.

Once more the Rand gold output has broken the record, and is said to total 169,773 ounces for May, against 116,911 ounces for the same month last year. The rise has been steady and progressive, so that you may expect to see 200,000 ounces reached in some month before the end of the year. The Simmer and Jack amalgamation is now public property, and you, probably, may as well take the turn out of the shares which were bought through us about five weeks ago, when we first told you of it. It is said that the Crœsus prospects are not good, but this may a mere market "yarn," and you must take it for the gossip of the market; on the other hand, Buffelsdoorn certainly develops well and appears a hopeful speculation to buy at about 37s.

Look out, dear Sir, for the prospectus of Cleaver's Soap, which is said to be ready for issue. We should not be at all surprised to see the concern go well, but it is a little premature to spoil sport by criticising details which may be altered before it is placed before the public.—

We are, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

#### COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us-

THE GRAND HOTEL, CLACTON-ON-SEA, LIMITED.—This company is offering 5000 shares of £5 each. We advise our readers to let this issue alone. There is sure to be a very restricted market, and we do not like schemes to build hotels. The Weymouth Grand Hotel and other like ventures are sufficient warning, and we see no security that the directors will not allot on far too little capital, which means the shareholders being saddled with a half-finished building. How many of the 1000 shares which the directors and their friends have applied for

will figure in the name of Mr. Henry Grant or his nominees, we wonder?

The Frozen Lake, Limited.—This company is offering 50,000 shares of £1 each. If a person wants a shot for big interest, the concern is fair enough, but any reader who has a hankering after the shares had far better let the allotment pass off without troubling the secretary, for we shall be greatly surprised if it is not easy to buy the shares at a discount

before the concern is opened. The estimate of receipts and expenditure is very poor stuff, and as to £5000 admittedly inaccurate, we believe, We do not suppose anybody is going to find the money, so the less said about the whole thing the better.

THE TURKISH CONVERSION LOAN.—We advise holders of the 1854 and 1871 loans to convert, although in our opinion the whole transaction

is a gross breach of faith.

THE TADCASTER TOWER BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED.-Messrs. Beckett and Co., of York, and Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. are offering £225,000 41 debenture stock of this company for subscription, and we should suppose that the issue would be covered many times over. If people want 42 per cent. with very little risk, there never was a better chance of securing their desires.

chance of securing their desires.

Arnold, Perrett, and Company, Limited.—This well-known brewery company is inviting subscriptions for £200,000 4½ per cent. first mortgage debenture stock, which is, no doubt, a very desirable investment, and will in these days of 1 per cent. deposits be snapped up. For our own money we prefer the Tadcaster issue, which costs par, whereas Messrs. Arnold, Perrett, and Co. are asking £3 premium. No investor can go for wrong in applying for either of these browers. investor can go far wrong in applying for either of these brewery debentures.

WHITBY BROTHERS, LIMITED.—This is a glove business at Yeovil, and is inviting subscriptions for £7000 4½ registered preference debentures, whatever that may mean. It is one of those things best left alone by outsiders. So small a sum, we should imagine, could be found in Yeovil.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

In consequence of numerous applications, we have made arrangements for Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to answer through the medium of our columns such questions on investment and other financial matters as our readers may address to the City Editor of this paper.

Correspondents must observe the following rules-

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary

to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention. No brokers can be recommended, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless the above rules are observed, it will be impossible to carry out the wishes of the numerous readers at whose desire this new departure has been undertaken, and we trust, therefore, that correspondents will aid us by observing the rules we have laid down in the general interest.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBERT.—Let Bell's Asbestos alone. The people connected with it are not a safe

Robert.—Let Bell's Asbestos alone. The people connected with it are not a safe lot to play with.

J. T. F.—The debentures are first mortgage bonds. Under the scheme of reorganisation they are to be paid off at 103, and this will take place in a month or two. At the price we quoted, 101, you would have got £2 bonus and 4 per cent. interest for, say, three months, so that the rate would have been over 8 per cent.; but we hear to-day that the bonds cannot be bought, as there are no sellers. You are "too late for the fair." We never recommend brokers (see "Rules").

A. E.—You do not comply with the rules by giving your name. Write to Nathan Keizer and Co., Cowper's Court, Cornhill, and if they can't give you the lists you want we will see what we can do. Of course, you will have to pay Messrs. Keizer a small fee, and they will, no doubt, give you the market quotation for your bonds at the same time.

Sambo.—Don't deal with the people you name. The last thing we heard of them was that they pleaded the Gambling Acts against a client who made money.

Bayswater.—(1) Hold Moore and Burgess shares for a short time. It was a—well, you can guess what—but is, we think, doing better, and you may in time see some of your money back. (2) This concern is in liquidation. (3) Don't touch Duval Restaurant debentures.

A. F. P.—Hold the music-hall shares you write about. We won't answer for the result, but we give you the advice for what it is worth.

Maggie.—You have violated every rule. Comply with some of them, and we will answer your letter.

E. B. (Birmingham).—The reconstruction of the Equitable Mortgage Company has very little chance of getting through; indeed, even its authors seem to have lost hope. Tell your friend to stick to her security, and write to us again if the scheme ever receives the sanction of the Court, without which it is waste paper.

A syndicate has been formed to acquire the rights of a new American patent for the construction of street pavements, side-walks, floors, ceilings, and roads. The new invention consists of steel rails, filled in with concrete or cement, which the inventor claims will never become slippery. It can be laid and taken up in cases of subway repairs with the greatest facility. It has no foul odour like wood or granite pavements.